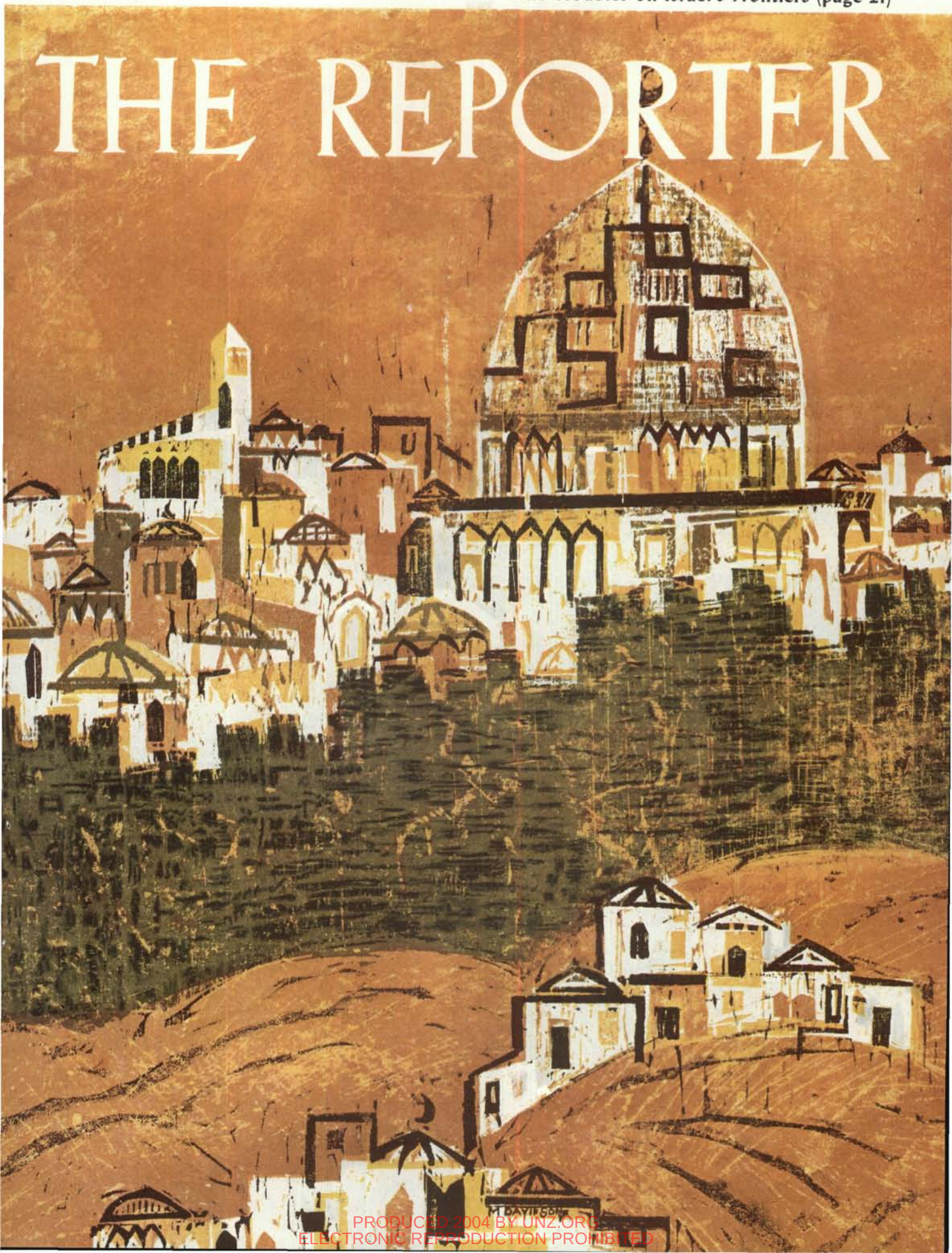
TURNING POINT FOR THE PRESIDENCY

October 20, 1955 25¢

The Troubles on Israel's Frontiers (page 21)

THE REPORTER



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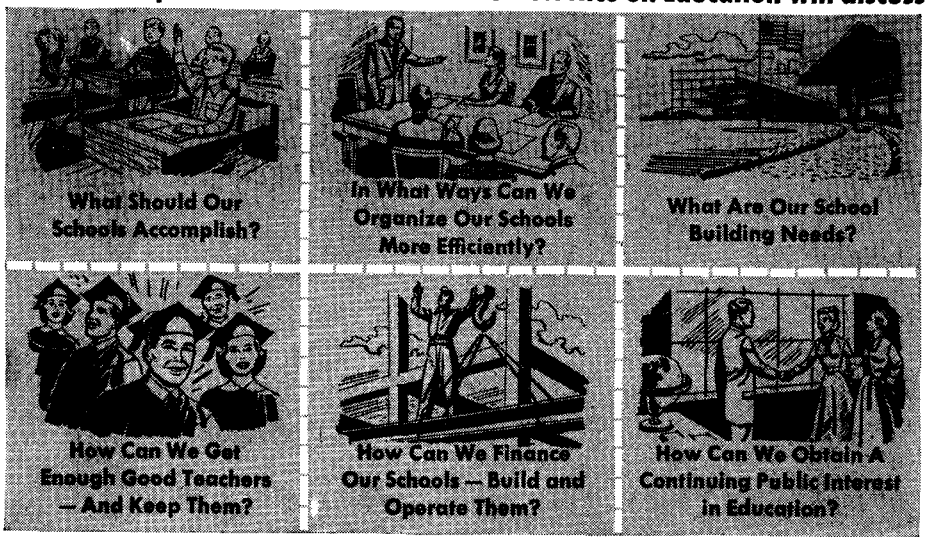
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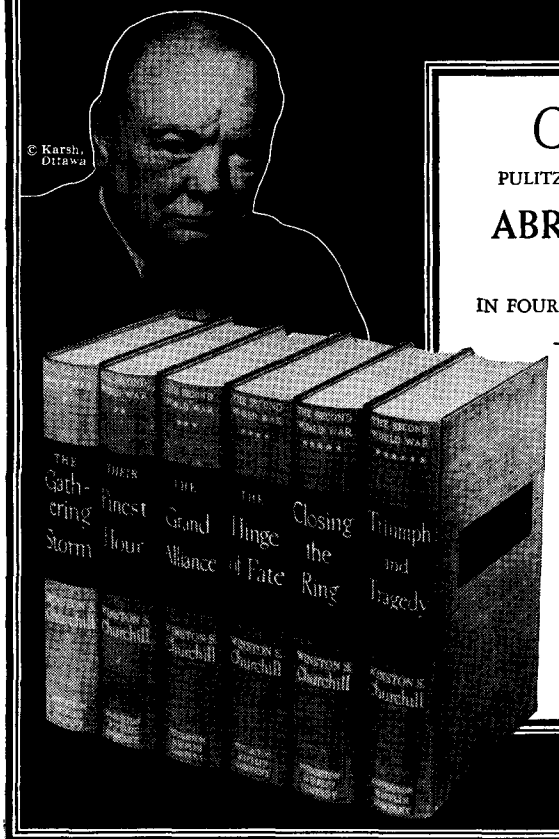

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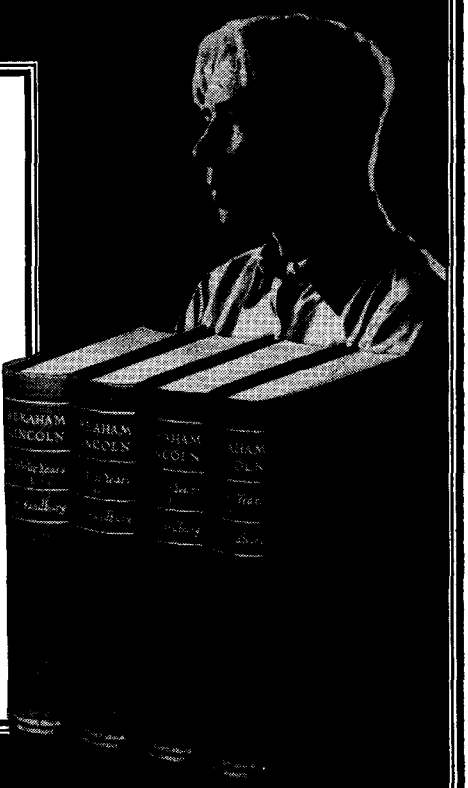

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

House of Broken Glass

Form follows function, says the modern architect. But the shining glass and the harmoniously lit auditorium that the United Nations built for itself in New York now seem singularly inappropriate containers for what in the past weeks has been going on inside them. The lofty transparency designed to be open to all mankind harbors tricky back-room operators trying to do the next man in, and the world would be a far happier place if many of the things uttered inside its smoothly resounding shell during the present General Assembly session had been left unsaid.

The spectacle of the Byzantine Soviet Union, with its own colonies falling in behind, unctuously stepping forward as the champion of suppressed colonial peoples was a familiar and expectable one. But the sight of such relics of the feudal past as Saudi Arabia and Yemen presuming to sit in judgment on the internal affairs of contemporary France was something new. And the spectacle of France herself—the nation that through Aristide Briand gave to the diplomacy of our time the idea of collective security—sweeping up her skirts and stalking angrily out of the Assembly when its vote went against her, was something to give aid and comfort to isolationists and rabid nationalists around the world. One could almost hear the U.N. glass shattering.

We have always sided with those who say "Don't expect too much of the U.N. It's not here to solve all our problems. It is here to try to solve some." The question is, Which ones? Those which an organization made up of sovereign states and dependent on them can reasonably be expected to solve, or others which overlook the little matter of sovereignty and delve into the internal difficulties of a member state? There is a natural temptation to plunge into the latter, either in good faith when those difficulties create outside repercussions or in bad faith when advantage can be taken of them. Pressure groups inevitably form, intent on taking the mote out of the other man's eye before the beam is removed from their own.

What has happened now is that several pressure groups have combined with one member's internal problems as their target, and this method of seeking a solution can solve the U.N. right out of existence.

Of course the French are vulnerable. When you start looking into the life of a nation, who isn't? Their Algerian constituents, whom the Soviets, the Byelorussians, and the Poles (and, to make this odd company even odder, Guatemalans and Iraqis as well) now say they want to assist, actually enjoy greater political rights than the citizens of Liberia, where, according to John Gunther, there was a scandal about slavery as late as 1930. Liberia, too, voted against France.

Still, France has made herself an easy mark for attack by having botched her relations with the Algerians as well as with the great mass of all the other non-European peoples she rules, through her indecision, false starts, and confused retreats, which in government can be as destructive as brutal oppression.

FOREIGN MINISTER ANTOINE PINAY seems never to have dreamed, right up until the Assembly vote on Algeria was taken, that even a member of NATO might turn against him, and so he made few preparations to head off a body blow. But one member did join the pack. The French can be accused of lightheadedness in not perceiving the coming together of these pressures in a day when genuine anti-colonial feeling often merges with the schemes of those most anxious to exploit it. They can be accused also of recklessness in replying to their one-vote defeat in the petulant way they did. But this does not absolve the twenty-eight nations of the charge of frivolity or cynicism or both when they voted to put too heavy a load on that still frail vessel, the United Nations. Nor does it absolve the United States, and Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge in particular, of the onus of having failed to make any perceptible effort to persuade our friends to vote with us—and not just for France.

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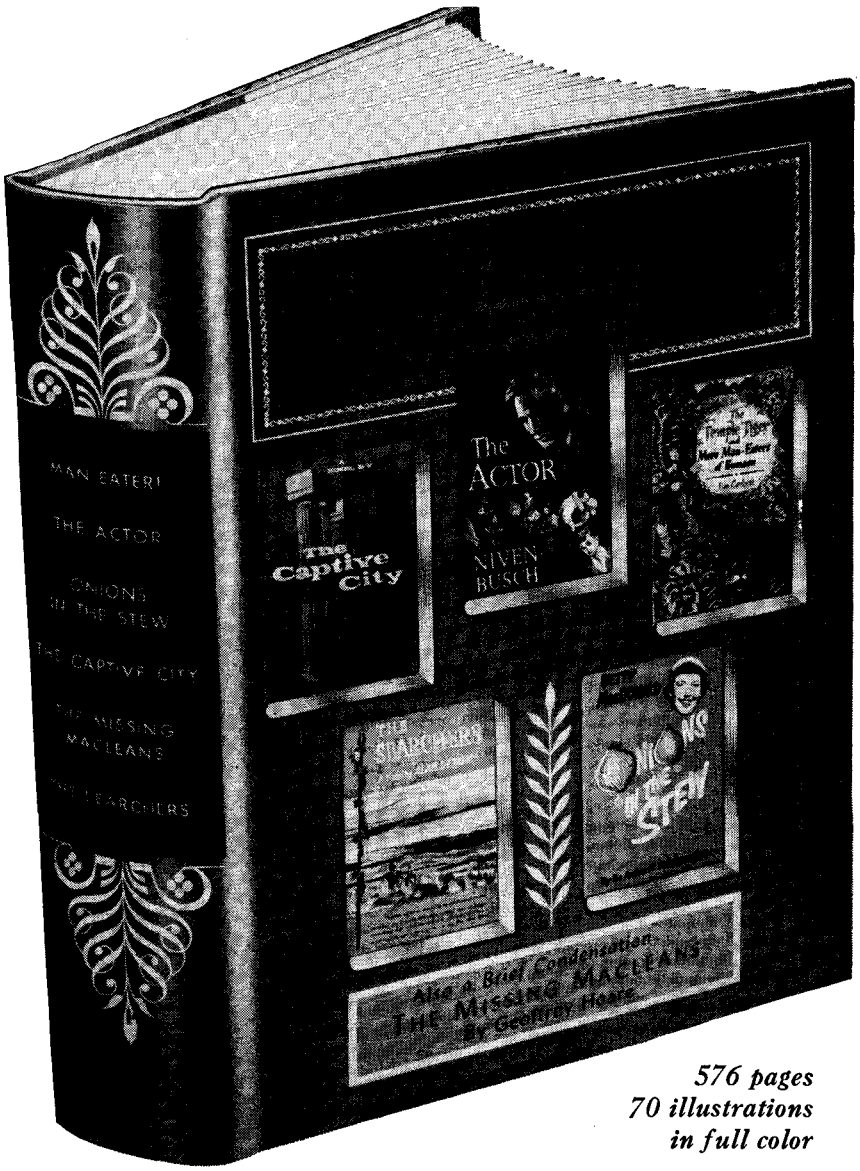

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level visits and "political interviews," they will be treated to "wild goat hunting in Europe's richest game paradise" in Spain, a reception at the Farnese Palace in Rome, a private showing by Christian Dior in Paris, a luncheon and champagne in the cellars of Moet & Chandon, and a dinner in Amsterdam with "members of the diplomatic corps."

The announcement does not say which members. Perhaps they will rotate with each Réalités cruise. Presumably the Members of Parliament who are to guide the "elite handful" through the House will also rotate, if the visits become a regular thing. But what about the President of France, whose receiving you is billed as "high point" of your tour? He can't rotate; he seems to have let himself in for this for the duration.

WE CAN VISUALIZE the scene that may have occurred at the Elysée Palace when an aide originally proposed the idea to him. "*Monsieur le Président,* would you consent to receive an elite handful of Americans?"

"But of course. Elite of what?"

"Elite of tourists."

"But how is the selection made?"

"They are people who can spend, at the very least, $2,500 each—875,000 francs."

"Ah."

Millennium

Looking ahead to the anniversary year 1976, the American Petroleum Institute, which speaks for the amazingly prosperous oil industry, has come up with a breath-taking vision of how even more amazing and prosperous American life will be then. On October 9 it presented an hour-long nation-wide TV show, "1976," forecasting technological wonders to come with the help of stars Dave Garroway, Sid Caesar, and Arlene Francis, and with Carl Sandburg brought in to sum up the show's message.

According to the Institute, some of the wonderful things we'll have are "Automatic factories . . . illuminant paints to light our rooms, with the intensity controlled by a button push . . . human travel in rocket ships at speeds of 2,500 mph . . . temperature-regulating garments for Summertime . . . robot cooks producing meals to order . . . automatic dishwasher-dryer-stacker-garbage disposal units . . ."

But will all our old ways pass? Not all, the Institute assures us. "Some things of course will remain unchanged . . . the beauty of moonglow at snowtime . . . the thrill of a bird's song at Spring . . . the way of a man with a maid . . . and the clean, sweet smell of fresh-baked bread . . ."

But the bread will be freshly baked by robots, and man and maid will live in prefabricated houses produced complete with built-in conveniences entirely through the use of the new "amazing field of petrochemicals."

Example of Charity

The Senate subcommittee on the Government Employee Security Program has now completed the third phase of its investigations. After spending almost a month in the early summer listening to the reminiscences of a disgruntled security officer and hearing in the late summer a number of witnesses who had been removed as security risks, a few weeks ago the Johnston subcommittee got around to its promised investigation of the numbers game.

Gently it put some of the Administration officials through their paces. Army Secretary Wilber M. Brucker repeated for the benefit of the public the apology he had already made to a maligned professor. Veterans Affairs Administrator H. V. Higley again admitted a mistake in the case of an employee wrongly fired and then reinstated long ago. Ezra Taft Benson, whose previous remarks about Wolf Ladejinsky nobody has yet forgotten, when asked by a subcommittee counsel whether he agreed "that it was a gratuitous and unnecessary move to disqualify Mr. Ladejinsky as a security risk if he was already disqualified anyway," meekly answered "Yes." The parade was fun, and it made good newspaper copy.

But on the numbers game itself the subcommittee made little progress. Civil Service Commission Chairman Philip Young arrived at the hearings with a fresh list of figures showing that 11,625 risks had resigned or been fired from the government since the beginning of the present Administration's security program. Of these his breakdown showed that 2,355 had derogatory information in their files "indicating, in varying degrees, subversive activities, subversive associations, or membership in subversive organizations."

That 2,355 was the figure to be looked into, and the Democrats knew it. They spluttered, they talked aimlessly of padded figures, they showed up a few discrepancies, but they never shook Mr. Young's air of calm superiority. Subcommittee counsel Paul E. Hadlick threatened to call up every agency head to reconcile the discrepancies. "Just stick to our figures and then that will save trouble," Mr. Young replied airily.

The subcommittee might have asked Mr. Young why he put into his figures the 2,355 people who may be called subversives by information—about whom presumably derogatory remarks have been made implying relationship with subversive persons and organizations. Made, of course, not evaluated. There are many such people in the government now, and when for any reason they leave the government service the Mr. Young of the time will be entitled to put them down as people with previous subversive associations who have left the government. We don't like to mention names, but just think of all the members of the Administration who at one time or another belonged to the Institute of Pacific Relations, for instance.

The question the subcommittee could have asked Mr. Young becomes more important when you take a look at the forms Mr. Young has been sending to the agencies to fill in. He has, it turns out, been keeping track of quite a number of things that he has never divulged to the subcommittee. He knows, and has known all along, the real number of people who have been fired as risks after a security hearing.

THOSE IN CHARGE of the subcommittee were very discreet and kind with Mr. Young. They did not want to intrude too much into the privacy of his public office. Perhaps they thought Mr. Young would do unto others what they did unto him.

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Hot News in Cold War

The refrigerating people ought to be fairly happy now, since things seem to be pretty well under their control: frozen peas, frozen orange juice, frozen grapefruit juice, frozen orange-and-grapefruit juice, frozen potato soup, frozen chicken wings, frozen blueberry pie, and frozen turkey dinners complete. They now provide big compartments to keep cold things colder, and little compartments to keep not-so-cold things not so cold. The advertisements of their products always show a big, complex, gleaming machine chock-full of colorful goodies in every handy glide-out basket and tilt-out door rack, in every crisper and roll-out shelf.

But there has been one obstinately warm cloud on their otherwise well-chilled horizon: One obstreperous item fought its way clear and established an annoying irredenta outside their magic moist-cold food empire. The banana—the courageous, independent little banana—apparently won its brave, unequal struggle against the refrigerator a decade ago, and marched free from that frigid hegemony to the sound of a stirring, splendidly emphatic campaign song, "Never put bananas in the refrigerator, no, no, no, no."

But the freezing people may have found a way to bring that one rebel back under control. The advertisements for the new Kelvinator Foodarama make it plain. This monument to "freezer living," which comes in such colors as Bermuda Pink, Dawn Gray, and Buttercup Yellow, keeps food dewy fresh with all the conveniences we have looked for, and among them is "an unrefrigerated place to store bananas."

Well, there it is, and now that refrigerators are winning their ultimate triumph, it probably won't be long till the other mighty appliances follow suit. Over at G.E. we see that the new Liberator stove, which comes in Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, and Woodtone Brown, has not one but *two* ovens; do your slide-out, clean-easy, Focused Heat broiling in one while you bake in the other. Soon, we suggest, there will be yet a third —a handy, noncooking superneutral oven for things that don't need to be cooked at all.

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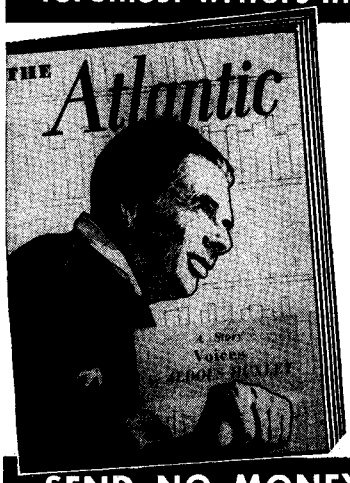

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SCHOOL DAYS

To the Editor: Hortense Calisher's "Reeling, Writhing—and Grouping" (*The Reporter*, September 8) is the best piece I've read for ages—very funny, and not funny at all. I see that whatever else Miss Calisher was taught or learned, it included the English language.

DOROTHY THOMPSON
South Pomfret, Vermont

To the Editor: After struggling three times through Hortense Calisher's article, I have concluded that her verbal pyrotechnics shed more light on the author's psyche than they do on modern education. As a case history of a type of person who makes it harder for enlightened schools and teachers to improve their methods constantly as they would like to do, it is probably worth printing.

The pity is that our schools offer such easy targets for people who, like Miss Calisher, have childhood hostilities to work off. Schools and teachers don't talk back to taxpayers and don't bring libel suits, no matter how grossly they are misrepresented. It is held today that our schools should somehow make up for every deficiency of homes, parents, society, and the very genes with which the children are provided at conception. Where schools try conscientiously to do this, they are then subject to blasts from the Calishers, who get all worked up when they find that schoolrooms are no longer places where children are subjected to refined tortures.

I am not a teacher and haven't been one. I write as a mother whose children have emerged apparently unscathed from an advanced public-school system. I must say that to me it seemed quite wonderful that first-year Latin was made a vivid, stimulating adventure for my daughter, instead of the grinding, boring chore it was made for me. I was humbly grateful when a math teacher, using progressive methods, restored to my son the magic thrill figures had held for him before an old-fashioned teacher drilled it out of him and made him a laggard in a subject for which by nature he had a high aptitude. It is worth noting that when I called the man who had wrought this miracle to thank him, his wary manner at the beginning of our conversation showed all too plainly that he was far more accustomed to receiving brickbats from parents than plaudits. He later confessed that it was, in fact, a unique experience to get a word of appreciation from a parent.

Our modern schools, inhumanly burdened as they are, and scapegoats for society's every sin of omission or commission, deserve informed, comprehending consideration, rather than indiscriminate peppering on a purely personal and emotional basis.

GLADYS DENNY SCHULTZ
Garrison, New York

DISARMAMENT

To the Editor: Frankly, my suspicions are aroused whenever nowadays a writer announces, as does Max Ascoli in the title of his editorial (*The Reporter*, September 22), that he is expounding the transition "From Utopia to Reality." In contemporary political discussion "Utopia" almost invariably stands for the other fellow's views and "Reality" for one's own. That this is pretty much the case here seems to me to be borne out by the difficulty Mr. Ascoli has in coming to terms with the idea of "sovereignty." Early in his editorial he states with obvious satisfaction that "the idea of the unconditional surrender of any part of a nation's sovereignty has been gently buried in the graveyard of the Second World War." A little later he says we "must presuppose the permanency of sovereign nations with no interference in each other's internal affairs."

This is, however, immediately followed by the statement that "even while eschewing all absolutes and perfectionisms," supranational institutions "will make deep inroads into national sovereignty." It can hardly be questioned that this would indeed be the case if in accord, or seeming accord, with the Eisenhower proposals for aerial reconnaissance "an extraordinarily far-reaching and complex . . . system of inspection" came into existence. In the same issue, William R. Frye ("Mr. Stassen's 'Burglar Alarm' ") spells out just how much abandonment of "sovereignty" and acceptance of interference in their "internal affairs" would be involved in the case of the Russians: "Any adequate early-warning system," he writes, "would obviously put a heavy—perhaps unbearable—strain on the Communist dictatorship." Of this scheme Mr. Ascoli uses the description "extraordinarily far-reaching and complex *yet not Utopian*" (italics mine).

It should not be surprising, however, that intelligent and brilliant writers give the impression of being vague and erratic when discussing the Eisenhower proposal. That is essentially the kind of proposal it is. The assumption is that disarmament, or even any substantial reduction in the case of nuclear weapons, is out of the question now—"Utopian," presumably. Since we have to live with the "balance of terror," let us, in Mr. Ascoli's apt wording, "institutionalize" it. Let the big powers be free, the President proposes, mutually to inspect each other's military installations, so that neither will be able to make devastating surprise attacks.

In the dream world of disarmament negotiations—it was so under the League of Nations and it is so now under the U.N.—statesmen are acclaimed as wise and noble when they urge that we have inspection *since* we cannot and will not disarm; or—which is about what the Soviet variety of "double-talk" comes to—that since nations do not and cannot trust each other and have no intention of abolishing military secrecy or permitting thorough inspection, nothing stands in the way of disarmament except the other fellow's unaccountable suspiciousness.

Fundamentally, this endless and essentially pointless maneuvering goes on because whether it is called "disarmament" or "inspection" or "coexistence" or "peace," any-

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thing beyond a temporary military stalemate implies revolutionary or certainly very radical changes in both the dominant power states and social régimes of our time. "Utopianism" in the era of "balance of terror" is precisely ignoring this factor, talking and acting as if it were not there.

A. J. MUSTE
New York

(We think it is important to point out that the sentence from Max Ascoli's editorial which the Reverend Muste quotes in part at the end of his first paragraph reads in full as follows: "At the same time, these supranational institutions, to suit the Russians as well as ourselves, must presuppose the permanency of sovereign nations with no interference in each other's internal affairs.")

JAZZ

To the Editor: As a subscriber and long-term admirer of the political (though not aesthetic) insights of your magazine, I'm very glad *The Reporter* finally decided to devote some space to a relatively serious article about jazz ("A Few False Notes at Newport," by Roger Maren, *The Reporter*, September 8). It's unfortunate, however, that you chose so palpably uninformed a writer—and one more determined to underline his mordant "sophistication" (or whatever dyspeptic role he is trying to play) than to write with much depth and understanding of his subject.

It's quite true that several of the writers on jazz have been taking themselves (not so much the music) all too seriously, and that a good deal of cant is being written under the guise of jazz criticism. Maren could have done a valuable service if he knew enough about jazz to present a well-proportioned survey of the contemporary jazz scene in the framework of what occurred at Newport.

I object to Maren's arbitrary statement that neither the modern nor the traditionalist jazz schools (which he describes in ridiculously overgeneralized terms) "starts out with materials of much value." He doesn't supply his definition of the term "valuable," so I don't know by what criteria he measures his experiences. But his bland rejection of the vibrant and quite complex background of Afro-American musical material that is at the base of all jazz is less than astute. He would do well to listen to more jazz before putting down so much of it as "thin." Mr. Maren is not so much a square as he is a critic of no recognizable shape at all. He is, in fact, wearing a set of the emperor's clothes.

NAT HENTOFF
New York

To the Editor: I appreciated thoroughly the brilliant and searching appraisal of the Jazz Festival in Newport as written by Roger Maren in the September 8 issue of *The Reporter*. This account is the best one I have read on the Jazz Festival and by far the best musical article you have yet printed.

RUTH TRIPP
Providence

To the Editor: Mr. Maren writes about jazz as though it were pins and needles and he had unavoidably, through some sort of social pressure best known to himself, to sit on it. His resulting discomfort has caused him to deliver a sour, too-owlish think piece that is disturbing for its occasional truths, many half-truths, and omissions. Its author, to begin with, obviously does not really much care for jazz.

Mr. Maren states that "If jazz music had some function other than simply giving delight and artistic stimulation, its basic thinness would not matter so much." What other functions should an art form have? Delight and artistic stimulation have been the heart of the pleasures of all music for the past thousands of years, as well as of most of the arts where moral overtones are not present. And what does he mean by "thinness"? In buttressing this point, Mr. Maren states sophistically that "Unlike a Mozart sonata, or, say, a quartet by Bartók, jazz music cannot embody much aesthetic worth when played by second- or third-rate musicians." This is quite true, but it is equally true that first-rate jazz has a great deal more "aesthetic worth" than a second- or third-rate "classical" composition. And it is also true that both comparisons, his and mine, are meaningless, since jazz music and "serious" music are based on two different approaches. In closing out his concern with modern jazz, Mr. Maren points with relief to the work of Charlie Mingus as demonstrated at the festival as being concerned with what he calls "compositional processes." This pot-bellied phrase is used just two paragraphs after Mr. Maren takes jazz critics to task for using terms like "counterpoint," "atonality," and "polytonality."

It should be mentioned here, too, that heavily snide statements such as "The Institute of Jazz Studies . . . has not been going long, but it has already acquired for its library a complete bound set of *Down Beat*, and it hopes to purchase a lignum vitae statue of the late saxophonist Charlie Parker" are worthy only of the sidling, crablike half-truth techniques used so tirelessly by *Time*. It is only fair, both to the I.J.S. and your readers, to mention that the I.J.S., in addition to the attributes mentioned by Mr. Maren, has one of the best jazz-record collections in the world, a huge collection of books related to jazz, a large up-dated file of miscellaneous pieces on jazz, many photographs, and other valuable items.

Finally, Mr. Maren says that jazz should not be taken seriously as a thing itself, but should be regarded as nothing more than a "cultural symptom." Symptom of what? And what is a cultural symptom, anyway? If, as Mr. Maren later admits, jazz properly played by first-rate musicians can be "thrilling," it must, perforce, be worth consideration by itself. If not, how did Mr. Maren find out this salient fact, so lightly brushed over and so shrewdly muffled into the center paragraphs of his piece?

WHITNEY BALLIETT
New York

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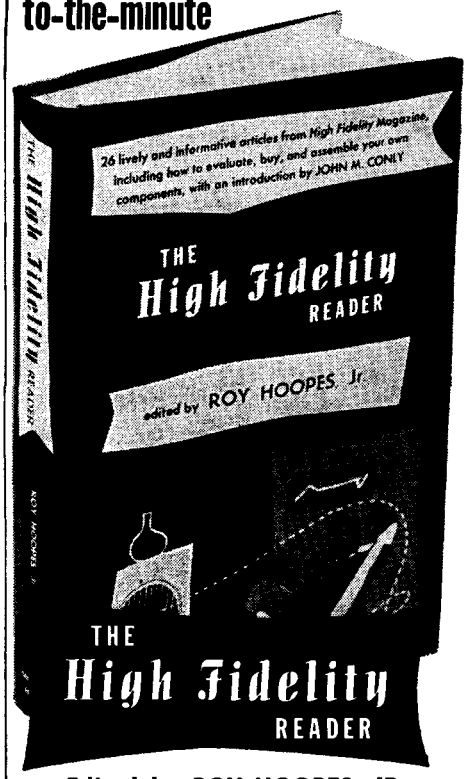
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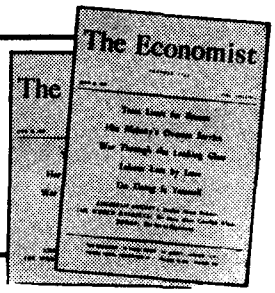

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE POLITICAL SEASON that will culminate in next November's election is now starting in grim earnest. **Max Ascoli's** editorial comments on the entirely new political situation that results from the President's illness. **Sidney Hyman,** author of *The American President,* deals with the Constitutional provisions for such emergencies. Do we need new legislation? Mr. Hyman's answer is the most trenchant we have seen in the many commentaries we have had to read in recent weeks.

We must never forget that national politics is the sea into which all political streams—state or city—ultimately flow. The situation in Georgia, described by our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** and the coming Philadelphia mayoralty election, analyzed by **Hannah Lees,** are important in themselves and also representative of broader trends. In Georgia a Southern demagogue is trying to unseat the senior Senator of his state in order to emerge into the national political area. Such a story is an old one. What is new is the possible emergence of a New South, more prosperous but politically regressive. In Philadelphia the independents are split—a lesson to those who thought of them as a homogeneous group. Miss Lees is a Philadelphia novelist who has worked to create that city's effective Commission on Human Relations.

Ray Alan, frequent contributor on Near Eastern problems, analyzes the complexities resulting from Secretary Dulles's attempt to stabilize Israel's borders. Although we do not consider his conclusions final, we think they are well worth reporting.

Oliver Townsend, Deputy Executive Manager of the Atomic Industrial Forum, surveys the Geneva atoms-for-peace meeting. The results of that conference are more important than is generally known; to us they are at once frightening and alluring, for unless the peaceful atom is subjected to international control, it could become a danger to mankind.

Sabine Gova, who writes about Haiti, has never before been published in English, although she has written for Swiss and French publications.

Harold Isaacs is the author of *No Peace for Asia.* **Sidney Alexander,** poet and novelist, is on the faculty of the New School. **Anthony Lewis,** Pulitzer Prize winner, is now on the staff of the New York *Times.*

Our cover is by **Marianne Davidson.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Turning Point

WHAT HAPPENED to the President and to the nation on that Saturday, September 24, can perhaps best be defined by the common-law term "act of God," taken in its most literal religious sense. On that day a Power infinitely beyond our calculations stunned us all by affecting the beat of one man's heart.

It turned out to be no more than a gentle warning both to the President and to the people, but it has been enough to convey the notion that while the Presidency of Dwight Eisenhower may well run through its full course, it will surely not be continued into a second term. It has also been enough to make us realize how thoroughly all Americans have lived under Eisenhower's spell during these three years. It did not make much difference whether people subjected themselves to it joyfully or felt the need to go on record with a protest against it. Whether hailed or deplored, the fact itself was overpowering.

Yet this President has been extremely sparing in the use of his leadership. Some have said that his popularity was irresistible just because his leadership was strictly rationed and episodic. Actually, what the people saw in him, it has been said, was a flattering mirror of their own good intentions and decency.

Be this as it may, no matter whether his spell has protected or distracted us from a mature consideration of what the times demand of us, there is no question that this spell will soon be on the wane. The final vanishing of the Ike glow is not something that we can consider with any degree of equanimity. Yet we know that this is going to happen. Our nation then will be a considerably darker, colder place—at least for some time.

For the span of a generation, the people have been accustomed to place passionate confidence in their elected Presidents. Of course there have always been those who called this passionate confidence a delusion or worse. But it is unquestionable that from the time Roosevelt ran for a second term, in all elections but one the American voters have had to reckon with the argument of the "indispensable man." The single exception was in 1948: Harry Truman's plain earthiness and Tom Dewey's robotized competence allowed a fair contest between two parties, two platforms, and two men with no superhuman attributes claimed for either of them.

THE ACT OF GOD on that September Saturday makes the next Presidential campaign something different from a perfunctory re-enactment of the quadrennial ceremonial. Until that day, Eisenhower's re-election seemed to be such a certainty that a genuine contest between our two parties would have been possible only in the incredible hypothesis that both had nominated Eisenhower and presented two opposing sets of candidates for Vice-President as well as for Congress.

Now, however, we can be sure that the next elections will be in earnest. The absence of heroes or irreplaceable men in either party should force the voters to center their attention on the working of our institutions and the programs of our parties. This in itself would be a blessing were it not that both the voters and the parties are so woefully unprepared.

For three years the Republicans have been engaged in giving the nation their own rendition of the New Deal—somewhat flabby, but with strikingly few variations from the original. The Democrats have been plodding their way along the middle of the New Deal road.

The existence of similar features in both parties is by no means a novelty in American politics. In our day the similarity has become a near identity, particularly at the Congressional level. The Democrats have been warily avoiding attacks on what they had stood for during their twenty years in power. The Republicans have been catching up with the reforms of the New Deal, and through their grudging acceptance have been incorporating them into the living constitution of the land. It is not surprising that the Republicans' New Deal has been led by a general, considering the power that, as Dr. Win-the-War, Roosevelt gave his generals. Rather, we should be thankful to our lucky star for having had *this* general at the head of the nation.

THIS IS NOT exactly the end of the Roosevelt-Eisenhower era, but it is the beginning of the end. No wonder there is such a chill in the air. Much sooner than anybody expected, long before political practitioners and political thinkers were ready with their plans of action, all of a sudden we learn that we are on our own.

Perhaps, indeed certainly, it is better this way, and from now on, not the least of the many jobs ahead is to prevent the artificial concoction of myths and the building up of heroes. The burden of responsibility that has fallen on the citizens according to their fitness to shoulder it has been heavily increased.

But there is no denying that it all has come so suddenly, and is still so bewildering, that somehow it hurts.

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The Founding Fathers And Presidential Disability

SIDNEY HYMAN

THE STAGGERING FACT of President Eisenhower's illness has taught us something about our design of government. Most of us, in the course of asking ourselves afresh just what the Constitution means or does not mean in its provisions covering the contingency of the President's "inability" or "disability," have learned that the framers showed discretion in what they stated in their text and genius in what they omitted from it.

The Constitution does not define who is to make a finding of fact that the President is disabled. Nor does it state just what it is a Vice-President succeeds to when such a finding is made. It can be construed to read that he succeeds to the actual office of President or just to the "powers and duties" of the office.

Deliberate Ambiguity

Yet it is hardly to be believed that this lack of definition was an oversight left to be filled in by more acute men of a later age. Much less is it to be believed that the notion of what a Vice-President succeeds to when such a finding is made can be clarified by sandpapering a grammatical construction in the Constitution's text to show its true and glowing meaning.

The grammatical construction was not a shortcoming to be charged against the Committee on Style. The lack of a definition was by no means a regrettable accident. It was the act of men who deliberately decided to say nothing. The assembled framers had both the lack of a definition and the grammatical construction put straight to them by one of their own number, John Dickinson of Delaware. Who, he asked, shall determine when a President is disabled, and what does a Vice-President succeed to when this is determined? The answer he received from his colleagues was a moody silence, followed, as was so often the case among those longheaded men, by a decision not to try to predict the future but to permit it a latitude where circumstances can alter cases.

A SUCCESSION of our most authoritative interpreters of the Constitution have maintained a similar attitude on the same question, or have spoken up only to point to the question and note its difficulties afresh.

Mr. Justice Joseph Story, in his *Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States* (1833), did not analyze the word "inability." The late Professor W. W. Willoughby, while suggesting that the primary responsibility for determining the "inability" of a President rests with a Vice-President, concluded with a "maybe not."

Maybe it lay with the Supreme Court. Maybe the Court would some day decide the whole matter if it had before it a specific case challenging the validity of the acts of a Vice-President who presumed to act as President on the ground that the latter was disabled. (This has never occurred.) And, said Willoughby, maybe the Court would also decide the further question—again in a specific case that has yet to arise—what it is that the Vice-President actually succeeds to when the President is disabled, and who it is that decides when the President has recovered. Maybe the Court would do this under a case where a disabled President recovered, wanted his office back, met the refusal of the Vice-President, and hired a firm of lawyers and started suit.

> In Case of the Removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge the Powers and Duties of the said Office, the Same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by Law provide for the Case of Removal, Death, Resignation or Inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what Officer shall then act as President, and such Officer shall act accordingly, until the Disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.
>
> —The Constitution

Finally there is the view of so eminent an authority as Professor Edward S. Corwin, who had the modesty to do no more than raise the questions, note what had been said about them, and refrain from suggesting his own answers.

Nor are there any better directional signs when one looks at the history of Congressional discussions of the matter. In 1886, when Congress got around to enacting a new Presidential-succession law after five years of discussion in the wake of President Garfield's fatal wound, it left the question of "disability" untouched. The Judiciary Committee of the House in March, 1920, following President Wilson's collapse of health, was not so timid, or rather some Republican Members of the House were not. Four of them introduced bills or resolutions on the question that were discussed in the Judiciary Committee but never on the floor.

Proposals of 1920

In the prospect that when the next session of Congress convenes some such measures will be introduced, it may be of interest to look at the minutes of the previous meeting—the discussions of 1920.

One 1920 proposal, known as the

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Rogers bill, provided that upon request of either the House or the Senate the Supreme Court would determine whether the President was unable to carry on with his duties. Furthermore, the Court on its own initiative or on the request of either House could determine whether the inability had been removed. If it had been, the President would resume his official duties. What was wrong with this? It conferred original jurisdiction on the Court, which under the Constitution has only an appellate jurisdicton, except in certain cases specifically enumerated.

A second measure known as the Fess resolution had the merit of understanding the grounds for this objection. It proposed an amendment to the Constitution empowering the Supreme Court to determine the question of disability when asked to do so by a concurrent resolution of Congress. Moreover, if Congress was not in session, the Vice-President would be authorized to call a special session for this purpose upon the recommendation of the Cabinet.

WHAT was wrong with this arrangement? Just about everything. What criteria would the Court use to determine when a President was disabled? A common-sense rule of thumb? But supposing the President before his disability had been poking his own thumb into the human ribs of the Court? Or if the Court, meaning to be scientific about the matter, called in a committee of doctors for the purpose, why vest the finding of fact in the Court at all? Why not in the American Medical Association? And if there, who would appoint whom? And so on.

The third and fourth measures were known as the Madden and McArthur bills. They differed principally in that the McArthur draft defined inability as illness for a period of thirty days or absence from the continental United States for the same period. Otherwise, both bills placed the determination of the question of disability into the hands of the Cabinet. The underlying theory was that the Cabinet, being in political harmony with the President, would not be suspected of any ulterior motive if it decided that the President was incapacitated. Moreover, since the Cabinet was in close touch with the President, it could more readily ascertain the facts of any particular case and reach a quick decision.

What was wrong with this? The presumption that Cabinets can always be counted on to be in harmony with the President is false. For example, the entire Cabinet that John Tyler inherited upon William Henry Harrison's death resigned, except for Secretary of State Daniel Webster, with the avowed purpose of forcing Tyler out of the Presidency.

On the other hand, as Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury David Houston observed, a Cabinet that was in harmony with the President would have every motive not to declare him disabled, for to do so would be to risk the overthrow of his

policies and of itself also, once his Vice-Presidential successor took over. And in fact, a close reading of the record will indicate that Wilson's own fear of just this at the hands of Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall was the underlying reason why he clung to the powers as well as the office of the Presidency, however incapacitated.

Compounded Variables

One could go on with the list of other legislative proposals to solve the question of disability. But all, in the difficulties they at once bring up, serve only to explain why the framers of the Constitution chose to leave open any final determination of the question; why they trusted to the pragmatic judgments of the future, acting on the special situation of the moment, to decide what could best be done to make the machinery of government go forward whenever a President is disabled.

Today, for example, as Mr. Eisenhower continues his recovery, this fact itself overrules what Walter Lippmann proposed in the first moment of shock when the extent of the peril in which the President lay seemed far graver than it did later on. Mr. Lippmann proposed that the President should call Congress into special session, inform it of his incapacity, and ask that Vice-President Nixon be entrusted temporarily with the powers but not the office of President.

The sense of insecurity and uncertainty with which we are left when we look at the mercurial words "inability" and "disability" in the Constitution is, admittedly, not a pleasant matter to contemplate.

But every constitutional order imposes some sort of price for the elements of strength it has. And no constitutional order, however constructed, can avoid every risk inherent in the fact that men, after all, are rather mortal. If we have to live with what Professor Corwin in his book on the Presidency captions "Another Danger Spot—Presidential Disability," this is a price we have to pay for Presidential leadership.

The nature of that leadership is unpredictable; no two Presidents have exerted it in the same way. Moreover, the disability of a President may have entirely different consequences, depending on the time during his tenure of office when it occurs. Finally, who can foresee the kind, degree, and duration of the disabilities that may occur?

WHEN one considers all these compounded variables, it is surprising to find some commentators suggesting that Vice-President Richard Nixon and the White House team may be clearing away constitutional ambiguities and putting down solid precedents for the conduct of the official business during the incapacity of future Presidents. How can there be "solid precedents" for situations that are by their very nature wholly unpredictable?

We must admit that there is a leak in our sturdy Constitutional roof, and the better part of wisdom would seem to be to reconcile ourselves to living with it and taking in each case the steps that the emergency demands.

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Regression vs. Conservatism In Georgia

DOUGLASS CATER

IN GEORGIA, for the third time in two decades, a Talmadge is making preparations to go to the United States Senate. Former Governor Herman E. Talmadge, son of the Eugene who tried but never managed to get beyond the Governor's Mansion in Atlanta, is busily getting ready to challenge Senator Walter F. George, whose sixth term expires next year. Right now the betting odds in Atlanta's Democratic circles are that the forty-two-year-old Talmadge will beat the seventy-seven-year-old George—if it should come to a vote.

The victory of Talmadge would mean something quite different from a mere return to an old-fashioned kind of demagogy. Rather it would mean a rebuke to the conservative, constructive brand of statesmanship that the South has offered in Congress, particularly in matters of foreign policy. It could very well be that the new industrialized South may become isolationist and protectionist. As Georgia has moved with astounding rapidity away from its economic underdevelopment, the prospect that it may turn into a politically underdeveloped area is a matter of major national concern.

Indeed, the Georgia situation is of more than national importance because of the world prominence Senator George has achieved this past year. In every way he stands out ahead of pro-Administration Republicans as the man who has firmly and courageously rebuffed the attempts of the Senate irreconcilables to wreck the President's foreign policy. The austere, white-haired Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee has proved a farsighted and firm guide for an Administration that desperately needed foreign-policy leadership in the Senate after two years of the good-hearted but inept efforts of Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin. Herman Talmadge, on the other hand, if he should come to Washington, could be expected to bring new life to the momentarily quiescent band of isolationists.

AN UNEASY quiet hangs over the Georgia political scene. The young man has not formally announced his candidacy. Neither has the old one. Both deny that a contest exists, each hoping privately to rally a show of strength that will persuade the other to yield gracefully before the formal campaign season begins next spring. Talmadge resides on a large plantation at Lovejoy, south of Atlanta, where his wife, Betty, has built up a half-million-dollar ham-curing business. He maintains a law office in Atlanta that is a lively focal point for state government outside the government. A steady stream of favor seekers files through asking intercession with Talmadge appointees who still hold key positions in the new state administration. Talmadge handpicked his successor, Marvin Griffin, but of late there have been rumors of discord between the two.

Talmadge appears each Monday night on his own half-hour television program sponsored by an Atlanta tire company, helps edit his weekly newspaper, the *Statesman*, inherited from his father, and during a recent fifty-day period delivered forty-nine speeches at various gatherings throughout the state. Without once mentioning Senator George by name, Talmadge is deriding almost everything George has come to stand for.

Senator George

In contrast to Talmadge's activity, George has been resting at his home since Congress adjourned. Responding to inquiries from the press, he has said he wanted to continue his service in the Senate but has postponed making a final decision. Close friends, however, have come away assured that he intends to make the race and, indeed, is prepared to make a valiant fight. He has added a shrewd ex-newspaperman to his staff. Recently he announced plans to deliver a dozen or so speeches in the state before Congress reconvenes.

George's carefully maintained tranquillity has been ruffled only once so far. Late in August, the Savannah *Morning News* carried an editorial urging George to retire gracefully because of his age. The Associated Press promptly picked it up, noting that the Savannah paper has "long been a staunch supporter of Senator George" but failing to note that it has been an even stauncher supporter of the two Talmadges. The Senator retorted that some of those who wanted him to quit may be "in their dotage," a possible allusion to the fact that the newspaper's chairman of the board is several years his senior.

PART OF George's weakness in the approaching contest arises from a dilemma common to legislators from the South who have slowly climbed the ladder of Congressional seniority in Washington. Unlike the tightly contested two-party states, the one-party system of the Deep South permits an outstanding political figure to get elected to the Senate and stay there a long time without much involvement in local party imbroglios, or, except during an election year, doorstep politicking. His political following more resembles a broad social circle than a machine. As far as politicians back home are concerned, he is a lone wolf, maintaining strict neutrality toward other contests, including that of the state's other Senator. It is confidently expected, for example, that Senator Richard B. Russell will keep aloof from the George-Talmadge struggle.

Seniority, with its various perquisites, permits the Southern Senator to handle the constituency demands of his state very well indeed, as a look at Georgia's air bases, dams, and other evidences of Federal largess will show. Seniority has also given an indelible Southern imprint to all important legislation.

All the same, after long years in Washington a feeling of remoteness is bound to develop between a Senator and the people back home. The tall, dignified George, who pursued an austere path even in his youth, was elected to the Senate in 1922, after long judicial service,

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The late Governor Eugene Talmadge and his son Herman

to fill the unexpired term of Thomas E. Watson. Old-timers recall that he had to wage a fairly vigorous campaign for re-election in 1926 against Chief Justice Richard B. Russell, Sr., father of the present junior Senator. In 1938 George had a tough fight to defeat Eugene Talmadge in the Democratic primary but received an unexpected assist when President Roosevelt intervened in behalf of a third candidate, arousing sympathy for the beleaguered Senator.

THAT was his last real race. Since then, as he has risen in national prominence, he has increasingly lost contact with the voters of the state. A local politician estimated that the senior Senator has not been in a hundred of the state's 159 counties since 1938. One Georgia publisher, irritated by a personal slight, complained to me half facetiously that his choice would be whether to vote for a representative of Georgia or of the nation.

'Old Gene'

But the capacity of Southern Senators to survive such estrangement in spite of state politics is remarkable. In the neighboring state of Alabama, for example, Senator John Sparkman went home last year to face a bitter campaign attack that he had "sold out" the South as the 1952 Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee. After two months of active campaigning, he pulled through by a handsome margin. The fear of losing local political contact, however, remains constant. Evidence is the case of Tom Connally, who returned to his native Texas in 1952 to find the situation so far gone that he surrendered without a fight.

In Herman Talmadge, George faces an opponent who offers a vigorous, appealing alternative to the voters of the state. Herman Talmadge is, of course, a second-generation politician skilled in the art of playing on the emotions of the Georgia voters. His father held an uneasy dominance over Georgia politics for a decade and a half until his death in 1946. Old Gene, of the red galluses and the chewing tobacco, was a college graduate, and both the son and father of college graduates. Unlike Huey Long in Louisiana, he grew up in fairly prosperous circumstances, but he turned himself into a self-made illiterate. Famous as a fiery stump speaker, the elder Talmadge was able to draw support from the two elements that really counted—the "wool hats" of rural Georgia who by reason of the county unit system dominate its electoral processes, and the "special interests" in Atlanta, representing mainly Northern capital.

TALMADGE ruled with a scarcely concealed contempt for constituted authority. When he died only a few weeks before he was scheduled to begin a new term as governor, son Herman picked up the legacy. A few political henchmen had anticipated the senior Talmadge's demise and had arranged to have several hundred write-in votes for Herman. The son, with a bare margin of support in the Talmadge-dominated state legislature, promptly claimed right of succession, seizing the office with strong-arm tactics from retiring Governor Ellis Arnall, who had sought to turn it over to Lieutenant Governor-elect M. E. Thompson. For two months the thirty-three-year-old Talmadge maintained his rule. The state Supreme Court finally resolved the matter in Thompson's favor.

Herman as Governor

But young Talmadge, who had the reputation of being something of a playboy during his father's lifetime, proved an adept campaigner and in 1948 was elected to the governorship. He turned out to be quite different from his father as far as the substance of government was concerned. He took over the reins at a time when the South as a whole was experiencing a fantastic burst of economic progress. A long-time intimate of both Talmadges summed up the difference this way: "Old Gene used to say, when we talked about increasing teacher wages, 'Keep 'em poor, keep 'em honest.' He believed in an economy of destitution. Herman, on the other hand, has never hesitated to pay for the services the state must provide nowadays."

Even his worst enemies concede that the younger Talmadge, with his remarkable memory for detail,

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proved an able administrator. One widely cited statistic is that he spent more on education during his six-year tenure than had been spent in the preceding sixty. He had the means. Reneging on a campaign promise, he imposed a three per cent sales tax applying even to absolute essentials. This helped give him almost twice as much annual revenue as his predecessor had had at his disposal. The Talmadge tax program derives approximately eighty per cent of its revenue from various forms of sales taxes, Georgia ranking second among the states in this form of levy.

Unlike most Georgia governors, Talmadge left office last January still widely popular, able to claim in his farewell address that in spite of his monumental program the budget was balanced and there was a small surplus in the treasury. What he didn't point out was that his program committed the state to a sharply ascending schedule of spending for which his successor would have to find the additional revenue.

A few days after Talmadge left office, the State Auditor predicted a $61-million deficit during Governor-elect Marvin Griffin's first year. Talmadge-inspired quasi-independent authorities, for which the state is morally if not legally obligated, have accumulated a bonded indebtedness of nearly $250 million.

YET NO ONE can deny that Herman Talmadge helped bring changes to Georgia. At the same time he has resisted political change every inch of the way and sought new ways to preserve the old institutions. He fought to preserve the white primary and, failing, tried to do the same thing by a re-registration law. He worked desperately to extend the notorious county unit system.

A Southern Nixon?

I recently called on Talmadge in his Atlanta law office, the first visit I had paid him since 1949 when he was still a new governor. Then he had invited me to ride along over to the Capitol and talked to a political crony rather freely in my presence, exhibiting a cocky defiance of the "city boys" in Atlanta, who he felt were out to get him. This time there were evidences of greater maturity. He had a smoothness, a quick and assured way of responding to questions, and considerable skill in steering them toward prefabricated answers. It is not at all surprising that Talmadge has been described as a Southern Richard M. Nixon.

Talmadge has understood well the changes in public-relations techniques that have occurred since his father's time. In a magazine interview describing his adjustment to television, "the best weapon in America for influencing public opinion," he remarked quite candidly: "The oratorical pitches don't go over so well . . . I use a calm, deliberate, rational, reasonable approach on TV. The viewer sitting in the quiet comfort of his home is not subject to the emotional hysteria of the stump."

The elder Talmadge could practice race baiting in the bold manner. His son manages some race baiting too, but in a more sophisticated way. A campaign pamphlet in 1952, for example, just insinuated that his opponents believed in social fraternization between the races. It was replete with wholly unrelated photographs of Negroes and whites dancing together.

On foreign policy, Talmadge, perhaps convinced that the new South is losing the strong internationalism fostered by a cotton-export economy, pulls no punches in his espousal of a neo-isolationist position. I listened to a speech he delivered at a banquet of the Georgia Credit Men. In a dry, almost pedestrian manner, he regaled his audience with a farfetched account of postwar foreign policy: our aid to Great Britain ("like you and me going down to the bank and endorsing a check over to John D. Rockefeller"); our military project in Pakistan ("a small country in Asia about as far away as you can get without starting back again"); our rehabilitation of the Japanese textile industry. He lambasted the United Nations, the Korean War, Executive agreements, and the proposed genocide convention. ("If I got up here and said I didn't think much of the Mohammedans or the Presbyterians, under that convention I could be taken to The Hague and tried. And it could be ratified any hour. . . .") Against this internationalist lunacy he offered the sturdy comfort of the Bricker amendment.

The Dimmer Shore

Shortly after the war, former Governor Ellis Arnall heralded a new era in the South in his book *The Shore Dimly Seen*. Arnall boldly prophesied that his region was to give birth to a new and hardier brand of liberalism. But as one Georgian remarked to me not long ago, "That shore has gotten a whole lot dimmer in the past few years."

The prosperity that has come and is still coming to the Deep South has lived up to the fondest predictions of an Arnall. A cotton economy has been displaced and many times surpassed in cash value by cattle production. Even the quick-growing slash pine that straggles across the Georgia landscape has come to be of value in paper manufacture and is now the second largest cash crop. More striking still has been the shift to an industrial and urban way of life. Atlanta is no longer simply a distribution center for Northern products but a primary industrial center itself and a focus of intellectual ferment. Negroes—at last count approximately 150,000 of them—have won the franchise in Georgia, and Negro leaders have been elected to education boards in three Georgia cities.

In contrast, the grip of archaic political institutions has remained unchanged. The provision against a governor's succeeding himself dumps out of office the good and bad alike. The provision for rotating state senate seats every two years among the counties within each senatorial district prevents any growth of experience and tends to make that body a vassal of the special interests. The governor holds fantastic arbitrary power over the state Democratic convention and its executive committee. And the one-party system makes it well-nigh impossible to set up a new competitive political organization that can survive beyond a single candidate or a single issue.

BUT MOST OPPRESSIVE of all is the county unit system, which means that the vote of a single citizen of Echols County can nullify the votes of 122 citizens of Fulton County, which contains Atlanta. As Geor-

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gia's urban population continues to grow and its rural population to shrink, the relative defranchisement caused by this system becomes greater.

Of course, it is possible to explain the dilemma in terms of these restrictions. But why the failure of somebody to do something about it?

For the most part, the growing business community appears untroubled, content to negotiate for its special interests with a Talmadge. Above all it is governed by caution. The prospect of a George-Talmadge clash, for example, has caused shudders. Even so loyal an old friend of Senator George as Robert W. Woodruff, chairman of the board of Coca-Cola and a prime mover in Georgia politics, has reportedly urged him to retire gracefully.

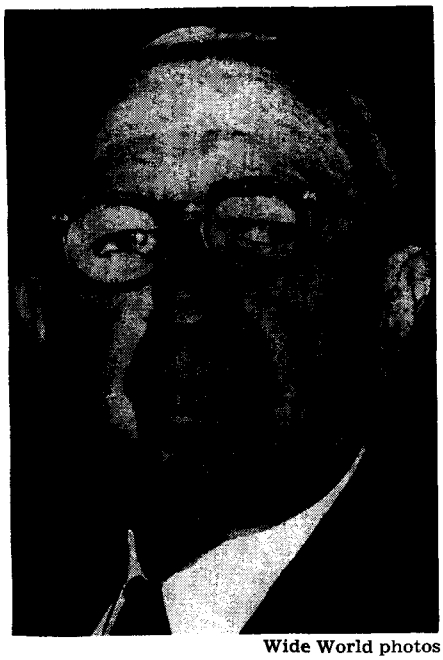
A Businessman Speaks

I called on one of the prominent political fund raisers for the business community in his Atlanta office. The paneled reception room with its oil portraits and its copies of *Punch* on the table bespoke the cosmopolitan culture of the new Atlanta. But the businessman, large, leathery-faced, and distinctly Southern, seemed uncomfortable in his sophisticated surroundings. "There is no question about Herman's going to the Senate. I know he's going to run. I don't blame him. If he doesn't run he's politically dead." Was he concerned about displacing George with Talmadge? "There is no difference between Herman and George except that Herman will be more outspoken in trying to preserve the rights of the states. We're headed now toward a kind of totalitarianism with the Federal government taking over everything."

Had he examined Talmadge's views as expressed in his weekly newspaper? "I don't read the *Statesman*. I told Herman to quit sending it to me. I may disapprove of some of his attitudes, but the good overbalances the bad."

As an afterthought I mentioned the county unit system. "I'm for it," he replied. "It keeps us away from big-city machine control. In the counties the people haven't been corrupted." What about the county machines? "Well, you do have courthouse gangs, but they are anti-monopoly, anti-union, and anti-gangster."

THE LIBERAL COMMUNITY also seems strangely hushed. Ellis Arnall, who gained national reputation as its spokesman, has turned to a prosperous law practice that keeps him outside Georgia a great deal of the time. He talks of running for office again, but according to associates, he probably won't ever get around to it. His leadership has been dissipated. "Ellis is pretty sour nowadays," one former friend remarked. "He blames the Supreme Court for all the Southern liberal's problems. The truth is he lacks the imagination and the drive to find new political solutions to new problems."



Wide World photos

Senator Walter F. George

The Republican Party of Georgia remains as weak as ever, its leadership engaged in fratricidal bickering. One of its ablest members, Elbert P. Tuttle, was rewarded last year with a judgeship that removed him from further political activity.

ORGANIZED LABOR still has a long hard road ahead. According to the optimistic estimate of one Georgia labor leader, "If we take a solid position we might swing eighty to a hundred thousand votes." But taking a solid position seemed far from certain. Labor leaders have no love for George's record on domestic issues. The pending merger of the CIO and AFL has created uncertainty. "All in all," said the leader, "it might be smart to sit the thing out."

'The Biggest Man'

It is strange how a legend feeds on itself. The Talmadges have not been unbeatable in Georgia. Gene was beaten twice for the Senate, by Russell and George respectively, and once for the governorship by Ellis Arnall. His final election was won with a minority of the popular vote. Herman Talmadge has won twice at the polls but was trounced solidly in 1952 by a volunteer citizens' group in his fight to extend the county unit system. He and his followers devoted every conceivable technique to the effort and spent an estimated $300,000. His opponents, who succeeded for once in rousing church and lay leaders to decry race baiting, beat him with a $15,000 budget.

It is barely conceivable that public opinion in Georgia may not be so isolated as the political experts in Atlanta believe. Television, which now reaches an estimated fifty per cent of its families, has had a strong impact in awakening people to the perils of the hydrogen age. I took a straw poll of my own on the potential contest, driving from Atlanta to Macon along a back road, stopping at random to ask the country people whom they would vote for and why. Twelve declared for George and seven for Talmadge. The most frequently mentioned point in George's favor was that he was "the biggest man in Washington today." George, they felt, could keep us out of war.

The Democratic primary is still eleven months away, and possibly more fighting spirit will be engendered as campaign time draws closer. But to suggest at this point that the Talmadge strength may be somewhat illusory provokes firm rebuttal even from some who claim to be George's firmest supporters. Apparently it will be up to the senior Senator to provide the courage and initiative to overcome such defeatism. The situation is the more ironic because the enlightened voters of Georgia are not being called to rally around some daring young liberal but merely the tried and trusted Senator George whom Roosevelt tried to purge almost two decades ago for being too conservative.

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The Philadelphia Election: Crusaders and Machines

HANNAH LEES

FOUR YEARS ago Philadelphia threw out the Republican machine that had run the city for sixty-seven years. It voted in a new charter and a new reform administration. This fall, as the city gets ready to elect a new mayor, Philadelphia is asking itself an uncomfortable question that a good many cities would like answered: Can a crusader get the backing of a political machine and still remain a crusader?

In Philadelphia there are two crusaders and two machines. Senior crusader Richardson Dilworth, the Democratic candidate for mayor, is responsible more than any other one person for replacing Philadelphia's corrupt machine rule with a government so effective and so progressive that last March city officials came from all over the country to see how it was done. Yet Dilworth has never been elected to any office higher than district attorney and his own party very nearly refused to nominate him for mayor at the primaries last spring.

The Republican candidate for mayor, junior crusader W. Thacher Longstreth, had even more trouble than Dilworth with his party organization last spring. The two men have a number of other things in common. Dilworth, a vigorous, highly photogenic Yale-educated lawyer, looks a lot younger than his fifty-seven years. Longstreth, a vigorous, highly photogenic Princeton-educated advertising executive, looks even younger than his thirty-four. Both have handsome wives and large handsome families who help campaign for them. Both love campaigning and are at their best when they meet the voters on street corners. There are, of course, differences between the two men. Dilworth likes politics in all its phases, and is not ashamed to admit it. Longstreth says he hates the political side of politics and protests that he never thought of running for office until a group of reform-minded Republicans came calling on him last March.

TEN YEARS AGO the Democratic Party was hard to find in Philadelphia. Most of the few ward leaders and committeemen the party could number worked at City Hall on the Republican payroll. Everyone knew City Hall was corrupt, and a few people even wondered if something couldn't be done about it. Richardson Dilworth, fresh out of the Marines, began hearing things that caught his interest. Trained to collect evidence, Dilworth began collecting it. As trial lawyer for the Philadelphia Transit Company, he had to spend a good deal of time talking to cops about accidents and claims. But sometimes the cops talked to him about other things instead—about how much it cost to get on the force, for instance, and how much to stay there.

Richardson Dilworth

A client in the oil-burner business brought another interesting story. He had never griped about the fixed fee the boys down at City Hall charged for issuing a permit to install: ten dollars per burner and ten cents per gallon per tank. But now that he'd had a fight with someone down there, he couldn't get a permit at any price.

Another client who was moving a big manufacturing company from Chicago to Philadelphia wanted legal advice about a water deal he had been offered. He had been told at the Water Bureau that his water bill, which would normally run about twelve thousand dollars a year, could be cut to five thousand for an under-the-counter fee of only two thousand. When he expressed misgivings, the Water Bureau people had given him a list of satisfied manufacturers he could check with.

As Dilworth began publicizing these stories, other policemen, detectives, firemen, and minor bureaucrats began bringing in more stories. Dilworth decided it was time someone ran for mayor on a clean-up-City-Hall platform. Politics was not new to him. He had been a Democratic committeeman and had run successfully for the state senate back in the 1930's. The Democratic organization, which obviously had nothing to lose, was cheerfully willing to let Dilworth have a try. But Dilworth's campaign in 1947 was actually managed and fought by hundreds of independent voters—Republicans as well as Democrats—who saw real hope for the first time.

Dilworth put on a dramatic and sometimes rough-and-tumble campaign, and he was answered in kind. At one point Sheriff Austin Meehan, Dilworth's chief target, called him such names that Mrs. Dilworth got down out of her husband's sound truck and hit the sheriff with her handbag. Dilworth hurled charges in all directions, but he supported them with names, dates, and figures. Too many Philadelphians, however, were still asleep, and not enough of those who listened believed what they heard.

The Republican victory in 1947 was still automatic, although the usual majority was eaten into considerably. Six months later a civic group investigating Dilworth's campaign charges turned in a corroborating report that led to a series of prosecutions and convictions. The chief of the amusement-tax division committed suicide, leaving a note

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naming six men with whom he had split two hundred thousand dollars of stolen tax money. Within the next week the receiver of taxes, the fire marshal, and the director of supplies and purchases were also all under investigation.

A Promise Kept

Mayors are elected in Philadelphia every four years. In 1949, an off year, Dilworth ran for comptroller, and his old friend Joseph Sill Clark ran for treasurer on the Democratic ticket to keep the protest movement alive. They won by over a hundred thousand votes, even though Philadelphia's registration that year was 730,000 Republicans to 278,000 Democrats.

A year later Dilworth was persuaded to have a try at cleaning up the state by running for governor. Pennsylvania state politics had been about on a par with Philadelphia's. But the state, like the city, was apathetic at first. Dilworth lost again, but again by a small margin.

He carried Philadelphia by a landslide, and everyone, including the Democratic City Committee, saw him as a sure winner in the mayoralty election the following year. But Dilworth said "No." Clark had backed Dilworth the whole way in four years of tough battle. Now Dilworth was backing Clark for mayor.

The Democratic City Committee tried everything to make Dilworth change his mind. Clark was a quiet, somewhat acid fellow, unknown outside conservative Chestnut Hill where he lived. He could never win, the City Committee argued, while Dilworth had it in the bag. Dilworth knew that, and he wanted to be mayor and finish what he had started. But he had made a promise, and he stuck by it. He forced the party—he was strong enough to do it—to take Clark as its candidate for mayor. Dilworth himself ran for district attorney.

Meanwhile all the reform forces in the city, realizing that more than a change of party in power was needed, had been working for several years to evolve a new city charter which would provide a strong civil-service system for the more than twenty-five thousand jobs at City Hall and which would also separate completely the powers of administration, which was the mayor's job, from those of legislation, which was

W. Thacher Longstreth

the city council's. Given a good mayor, the proposed charter was about as graftproof as a city charter could be, and for once the Republican and Democratic organizations were in agreement: Neither of them wanted it. But Philadelphia did. Even though ward leaders and committeemen dragged their feet, the voters came out in 1951 and voted in the new charter overwhelmingly.

In the fall of 1951, Clark and Dilworth, who had both helped build and promote the charter, were elected mayor and district attorney in a Democratic landslide, with a councilmanic slate that included a Chestnut Hill housewife active in mental health, a lawyer prominent in church affairs, and several others not previously found in Philadelphia political circles.

So after four years of battle the reform forces were in City Hall. But so were the Democratic machine politicians. The City Committee, on whose ticket the reformers had run and won, felt that it was they who had won and they who should reap the rewards. A little grade-school arithmetic might have shown the flaw in their reasoning. That year, 1951, there were still only 319,000 registered Democrats in Philadelphia. But Clark and Dilworth had been elected by a vote of 448,000. Allowing for 20,000 voters not registered in either party, at least 109,000 registered Republicans must have voted for the Democratic candidates.

When Mayor Clark and District Attorney Dilworth began looking in nonpolitical places and even beyond the city limits for the best men to help put the new charter to work, there were loud complaints about ingratitude and carpetbagging. Furthermore, the same City Committee that wanted at least a chance to reward the faithful controlled almost two-thirds of the city council, which almost at once began pushing through a law that any jobholder had to be a long-time resident of Philadelphia.

The new charter, especially the civil-service sections of it, was soon under heavy fire. Two years after the new charter was voted in, the city council proposed twenty-one amendments that would have released all sorts of jobs from any civil-service rating and generally put Philadelphia right back where it had been, at least in terms of patronage if not of graft.

Clark and Dilworth had to go out and campaign for the charter all over again. But Philadelphia still knew what it wanted, and the charter held up under fire.

So did Joe Clark. A huge new airport rose up in the southwest end of town. Over six hundred women crossing guards were assigned to watch over schoolchildren and release the regular police for work on tougher assignments. Philadelphia's notorious water began to taste better, and the town got a national award as the cleanest city. Under a health commissioner from Colorado the city's hospitals and health facilities grew and began to function as they should. Under an imaginative recreation commissioner and his first deputy (from California) a tent theater sprouted in Fairmount Park, and wonderful crazy structures began turning vacant lots into playgrounds that drew kids off the streets. A comprehensive civil-service system was set up, and city employees got in the habit of expecting to do a full day's work for a day's pay. Clark emerged unexpectedly as the most effective mayor Philadelphia had ever known and the strongest man in town politically.

Dilworth was assuredly also the most effective district attorney Philadelphia had ever known. Thomas

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McBride, vice-chancellor of the Philadelphia Bar Association and something of a crusader himself, has said that Dilworth's record of thirty thousand convictions in three years without a single violation of individual rights even being charged is almost unique among public prosecutors.

But Dilworth, caught between a backlog of nineteen thousand cases and a rising crime rate all over the country, didn't make many headlines. So the Democratic City Committee began thinking of him not as the man who had put the party in power by bucking the line when the going was tough but as the man who had lost twice and then walked out when he could have won. And it couldn't forget his stand on those twenty-one amendments to the charter.

Some leading Democrats in the state wanted to run Dilworth again for governor in 1954, but William J. Green, Jr., a U.S. Representative from Philadelphia's growing northeast and the new chairman of the Democratic City Committee, blocked the nomination. George M. Leader was nominated instead and surprisingly got elected. Once again someone else profited by Dilworth's earlier unsuccessful campaign.

Just before the mayoralty primaries last spring, Congressman Green and his committee weren't entirely happy with either Clark or Dilworth, but at least Clark looked like a sure winner. Then they found themselves up against a familiar situation, only in reverse. Clark had said all along that he was going to be a one-term mayor as the only sure way of resisting political pressure while he put through new reforms. He stuck to it. It has been said that he wants to run for the Senate next year. It has also been said that he promised to support Dilworth this time just as Dilworth supported him last time. Probably both rumors are true. In any case Clark said—and said it very loud—that he was for Dilworth.

The Democratic City Committee combed its ranks for another candidate. Stories began circulating that Dilworth had alienated too many people because of his strong language, and that he might lose the Negro vote because his law firm was defending William J. Levitt in the N.A.A.C.P.'s suit to force the builder to admit Negroes to nearby Levittown. Dilworth said that you can't turn down an old client just because you don't agree with his social philosophy and left it at that. Philadelphia's Negro voters must also take into account that Dilworth had five Negro lawyers in the district attorney's office, trying cases for the first time in Philadelphia's history, and another young Negro lawyer—whom he considers one of his brightest men—in his own firm.

It finally became clear to the Democratic City Committee that there simply wasn't another candidate within several hundred thousand votes of Dilworth. They nominated him, and after a still harder struggle, which both Dilworth and Clark had to pitch into, some six or seven charter-minded councilmanic candidates were also nominated.

THE REFORM politician always has the problem of how to hold the independents without losing the votes of the regular party organization, which he also needs to be elected. He knows that political machines, like it or not, are an unavoidable part of our democratic system and that even though they are not necessarily corrupt, they inevitably consume as well as generate power.

Joseph Sill Clark

If Dilworth finds himself in a position to exercise the mayor's veto when the city council tries its next fast play, he will owe it in large measure to the independent Republicans who like the kind of government they have been having lately and want to keep it. Democratic registration has been climbing recently, but there are still two hundred thousand more registered Republicans than Democrats in Philadelphia.

The Republicans

What has been happening on the Republican side in Philadelphia is close to a replica of what has been happening on the Democratic side. Once again, it's hard to tell whether the independents have imposed themselves on the machine or the machine has finally got around to the idea that it can afford to let in a few independents.

Thacher Longstreth, a reformer in the classical pattern, has had to begin with reform within his own party, and one of his greatest assets is that his own party machine didn't want him. He was the choice of a group of reformist Republicans headed by Chamber of Commerce President Walter Miller. (Miller had been the Republican anti-machine candidate for mayor in 1951 but was beaten in the primaries by an organization-backed Baptist minister, Daniel A. Poling, who had once run for governor of Ohio on the Prohibition ticket. It was also Poling who ran against Clark.) Miller and Representative Hugh Scott organized a Republican Assembly, patterned after the Assembly that first discovered and then promoted Richard Nixon in California, and began looking around for a candidate.

Ironically Longstreth was first suggested to a member of the Assembly by a Dilworth supporter who said jokingly over a drink at the Racquet Club, "What you fellows need is an honest public-relations expert like young Thach Longstreth." Longstreth was then vice-president in charge of new business for one of the big Philadelphia advertising firms. Before that he had been a space salesman for *Life*. He had made speeches for Eisenhower all over town in the 1952 campaign, and he was a Quaker. He looked like a good bet. Longstreth liked his advertising job, but the Assembly persuaded him.

The hard core of the Republican Party, however, was still slow to

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recognize the voter appeal of reform. Under city chairman Robert Duffy they ignored both the Assembly and Longstreth and put up their own political man of distinction, an even younger one—thirty-one as opposed to Longstreth's thirty-four—a lawyer named George P. Williams. When the Assembly found it couldn't make the Republican City Committee accept Longstreth, it pretty much went to pieces. But Longstreth is stubborn. He had been persuaded of the necessity of Republican reform, and he couldn't be unpersuaded so quickly. He says he decided to stay in the primary largely out of protest. Almost immediately he got the backing of Jay Cooke, an investment counselor and a political power of long standing in the city. Using the slogan "Tired of Losing?", Longstreth quickly gathered more support. The report of his primary campaign contribution lists $16,300 from the Pew family, who control Sun Oil; $2,500 from Cooke, who also lent $5,700; and similar amounts from John T. Dorrance, Jr., of Campbell Soup and other Philadelphia industrialists and financiers.

Party politics is played on shifting ground. In 1939 Jay Cooke was chairman of the Republican City Committee. Now he was backing a reform candidate in direct opposition to that committee. The Republican City Committee, moreover, was torn between two other power groups: one headed by former Sheriff Austin Meehan, who had been Dilworth's chief target back in 1947, and the other by William Meade, who is presently chairman of the Board of Revision of Taxes, one of the few City Hall jobs still held by one of the old guard. Each had his own group of councilmen he wanted to see on the ticket. Under the charter Meade was banned from political activity, and officially he steered clear of it. But a few weeks before the primary all the ward leaders known to be loyal to Meade suddenly announced that they were for Longstreth, and soon after that Chairman Duffy himself resigned his post and came out for Longstreth too.

Longstreth found this awkward. He announced that he didn't want that kind of support. But he was stuck with it anyway. When the primary was over he found himself the official Republican candidate for mayor. Still more awkward, the councilmanic slate that was nominated along with him was the one former Sheriff Meehan had proposed.

Longstreth tried again to make it clear that while the politicians might

Robert Duffy

be for him, he wasn't for them. When a few weeks later the Republican City Committee caucused to elect its officers for the year, Longstreth announced that he would withdraw as candidate unless the City Committee accepted as its chairman Longstreth's own campaign manager, State Representative John Pomeroy, who had been active in raising funds for Eisenhower but had no close connection with the old-timers. Longstreth was allowed to go in person to appeal to the Republicans in caucus, a big concession from the organization. But when the votes were counted, Longstreth found that the lines had reformed. Who should be chairman once more, eying him now not too cordially, but Bob Duffy?

Longstreth didn't withdraw, but as the campaign went on, he claimed that he had had no communication whatever with the Republican City Committee since June. He has also said that he doesn't care whether he wins or loses this election as long as he gets a real reform movement started in the Republican Party. Meanwhile Jay Cooke and the other banking and industrial leaders have hired two of the keenest advertising and public-relations firms in town to manage Longstreth's campaign for him. And they, if not Longstreth, seem to have reached some sort of compromise with the Republican City Committee. You can fight a successful primary on the platform of cleaning up your own party, but you can't run for mayor against your own party.

A Superman?

It is a little hard, in fact, to see just what Longstreth is going to crusade for—or against, for that matter. He seems to be about eight years too late—or too early. He cannot say, "I will give you honest government." Philadelphia *has* honest government. He cannot say, "I will give you more and better services." The Philadelphia businessmen who are behind him as a group are somewhat uneasily aware that the remarkably more and better services the city is getting are being paid for out of the mercantile tax they hate so much. Longstreth says he is against the mercantile tax, but he must know that abolishing it would merely mean shifting the tax load to the wage earner and homeowner. It is not politically expedient to say, "I will cut taxes and give you fewer services." He takes the undoctrinaire stand that cities, especially Philadelphia, can't get along without subsidies from Washington. He says he is for the charter a hundred per cent and for most of the reforms of the Clark administration. He simply says he could do it cheaper and better. But considering the slate that would be elected along with him, Longstreth would have to be a superman to carry out his promise.

PROBABLY a greater asset than Longstreth's Quaker principles, as the campaign rolls along, will be his knowledge of advertising techniques. He genuinely believes in his product and he genuinely believes he can sell it on TV, on street corners, and in public conveyances. During the nomination fight he got on a shoppers' train to New York and shook hands with a thousand women. He loved it, and so did they. He has a TV show called "Thacher Longstreth Answers His Mail." His wife opens letters and reads him

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questions which he answers into the camera.

Longstreth feels that since the South is Democratic, all progressive Negroes should be Republican. It worries him that they are not and he has hired a Negro public-relations expert to help him change the balance this fall. Being a Quaker, he says, he grew up without knowing what prejudice was.

Longstreth may have the makings of an important political figure. This election will answer the increasingly important political question of whether the consumers will buy an attractively packaged, well-advertised product that has never been tested.

On the Record

As for Dilworth, his face is grimmer and his tongue more guarded than eight years ago. The campaign is bound to be colorful but it will probably not be as exciting as that of 1947. Dilworth says he bases his campaign entirely on the record of the administration his crusade made possible. He says flatly that he plans, if elected, to keep the same efficient team in City Hall that Mayor Clark took such pains to find. Of course Congressman Green and his City Committee don't like the sound of this much.

But the decision is not Representative Green's to make. In this important test of what happens to reform when it becomes bipartisan and more than a little antagonistic to its own party machinery, the final decision is in the hands of those whose votes cannot be delivered by either party.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Troubles On Israel's Frontiers

RAY ALAN

As was to be expected, official circles in the principal Arab states have reacted unfavorably to the American plan for a settlement of their dispute with Israel. This plan, announced by Secretary Dulles on August 26, called for setting permanent Israel-Arab boundaries and a security guarantee by the United Nations against any effort on either side to change them by force. Under it the United States, in addition to entering formal treaty engagements, would join in an international loan for regional economic development and resettlement of refugees.

It was no fault of the State Department that the launching of its plan caught the Arab governments most directly concerned in the throes of domestic crises, so that any dispassionate reappraisal of the Palestine problem was ruled out in advance.

In Syria, consideration by the government of any international topic was hampered by the fact that the Premier and Foreign Minister were no longer on speaking terms. (The whole government has since collapsed.) The new Chief of State, Shukri al Kuwatly, was cautiously moving his belongings back into the Presidential Palace from which the Syrian army had exiled him six years ago as a scapegoat for its own failure in the 1948 Arab invasion of Israel.

Moreover, when news of the Dulles plan reached Damascus, Syrian attention was absorbed in the trial of the leaders of the banned right-wing Social National Party, who are charged with instigating the murder of the Deputy Chief of Staff of the Syrian Army last April and with collaborating with an unnamed member of the U.S. Embassy in a supposed plot to overthrow the present more or less parliamentary régime and install a dictatorship.

There could have been no worse moment for anyone in the Syrian capital to announce his willingness to go along with Washington on anything. The government-operated Damascus radio station condemned the Dulles plan lock, stock, and barrel, and the entire press followed suit. That was that.

Meanwhile in Egypt, the junta headed by Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser was faced with the humiliating collapse of its Sudan policy. The coffee-shop whispering campaign inspired by the suppressed but still vociferous Wafd and Moslem Brotherhood was making a major issue of the junta's hash of "Unification of the Nile Valley," a slogan second only to "Out with the British" in the hearts of a whole generation of Egyptian nationalists. The recent series of clashes with Israeli forces around Gaza has been motivated, on the Egyptian side, at least as much by the junta's need to divert public attention from its Sudan fiasco as by its desire to assert itself on the regional scene.

Iraq, for its part, was facing both economic and political crisis. Normally a grain-exporting country, it was having to import grain from Turkey. Inflation resulting from faulty digestion of the country's oil royalties was pushing up prices and there was dangerous discontent. An unstable government was clinging to power by maintaining a witch-hunt atmosphere and emasculating the press.

The Dulles proposals panicked the Iraqi Cabinet. The British ambassador in Baghdad, Sir Michael Wright,

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was politely reminded by the Foreign Minister that the Turkish-Iraqi pact (of which Britain, too, is a signatory) and U.S. military aid have been commended to the Iraqi public as a means of strengthening the country vis-à-vis Israel; if Mr. Dulles went about proclaiming his intention of bringing about a peace settlement with Israel, the whole structure might collapse. Sir Michael took the next plane to London.

Even without their immediate domestic embarrassments, these Arab governments could hardly have been expected to welcome the American proposals.

Israel: The Useful Enemy

What educated Arabs themselves call the "old gang" governments—those dominated by landowning oligarchies or, in Arabia proper, feudal or tribal ruling families or absolute monarchs—desperately need a continuing Palestine crisis as a diversion for the energies of the educated malcontents whom the rising mercantile and professional middle classes are producing in increasing numbers. Frontier incidents and calls for national unity in face of the Zionist peril are invaluable preventive moves against agitation for social reform and representative institutions. Their anti-Zionism is, moreover, all the more genuine for their dread of Israel as an infectious social and political example to the rest of the region.

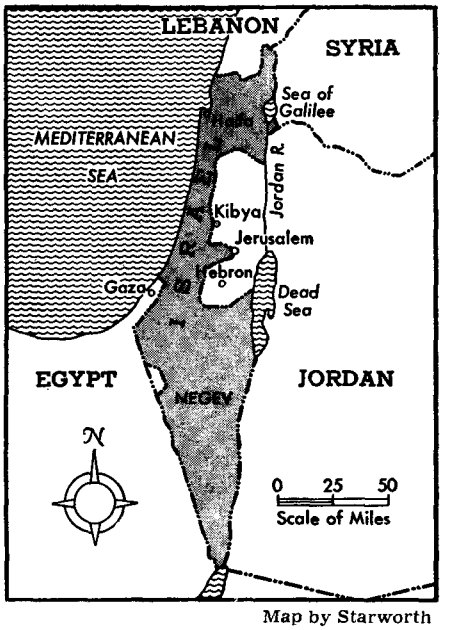
Reformist-minded governments such as the military dictatorships that have seized power in Egypt and Syria in recent years have less need of a Zionist bogy than do the traditional Arab régimes. But at the present stage of political evolution in the Arab states, even the reformist is obliged to keep glancing over his shoulder at the dispossessed (or apprehensive) landowners, and at disgruntled religious fanatics and impatient colleagues who might be tempted to try and outbid or outmaneuver him and curry favor with the mob; anyway, the military dictator thrives best in an atmosphere of militarism. The temptation to show that he is no less intransigent than his critics on an issue so highly charged with emotion as Palestine becomes almost irresistible.

The Arab League, for its part—divided on almost every other major issue—has a vested interest in keeping alive the quarrel with Israel. The weaker it becomes in other spheres, the more desperately will it seek to cultivate this source.

Thus, in existing circumstances, no Arab government can be expected voluntarily to enter into negotiations leading to recognition of Israel—not even a truncated Israel half its present size.

Let Someone Else Decide

What is the alternative? A western attempt to impose a solution? Fantastic as it may seem, outside interference that would relieve them of all responsibility has long been hankered after by many Arab moderates.



Map by Starworth

In deliberately widening the scope of the Palestine dispute and calling a conference of Arab League governments in London, the British Labour Government of 1945 grievously embarrassed those responsible Arab leaders who, while privately willing to work for a compromise, could only adopt in public a position of extreme intransigence.

During the Labour Government's tenure of office between 1945 and 1951, British officials collected a number of confidential statements from prominent Near Eastern personalities that said collectively, in effect: "For goodness' sake, fix partition of boundaries, announce a date, and proclaim your solution. So long as you don't insist that we publicly endorse it, we'll do our best to help make it work. But try to drag us in and we shall be obliged to cry murder." That no such experiment was made was due less to the intractability of the problem than to the hopes of Prime Minister Attlee and Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin of "trading" the Jewish community of Palestine for diplomatic and military privileges in the leading Arab states.

The task Mr. Dulles has now taken on courageously is in one sense more difficult than that which an honest British broker would have had to tackle ten years ago. What were then the mandated territories of Palestine and Transjordan, both under direct British control, are today the sovereign states of Israel and Jordan.

But in another respect his task is easier. Ten years ago both Arabs and Jews tended to underestimate the significance, sincerity, and intensity of each other's reactions. Arab leaders, in particular, took it for granted that "driving the Zionists into the sea" would be child's play. Today there is a greater degree of realism on both sides.

Why Not Mr. Dulles?

Can Mr. Dulles go ahead, in the circumstances of 1955, and "proclaim" a solution? He would seem to have no alternative short of courting a resounding diplomatic defeat. One must assume that his statement of August 26 was merely the opening move in a definite campaign to break the Arab-Israel deadlock. This gambit having evoked only a negative reaction in the main Arab capitals—a reaction for which his advisers must have prepared him—Mr. Dulles now has a chance to take the further step that may make of his plan a success.

Let's suppose that he tells the unyielding Arab leaders something like this:

"Very well, then. I tried to get both sides in at the start, but only Israel has responded in something resembling a positive fashion. I have no alternative but to go ahead with Israel alone for the time being. I propose to offer Israel a pact, which Britain and France would be invited to join, guaranteeing its frontiers and recognizing them as permanent, effective from (say) May 1, 1956. Any Arab state that wishes to revise its

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frontiers with Israel or take up any other outstanding issue should therefore open discussions—either directly or through the United States and its allies—before that date, in which case we shall, if invited, offer our good offices as mediator."

This would be sufficient to break the ice pack. Yet it would not demand any sacrifice of interests or even, fundamentally, any new commitment on the part of the United States. For under the Tripartite Declaration of 1950 the United States, Britain, and France are already guarantors of the present "frontiers and armistice lines" between Israel and its neighbors. From Mr. Dulles's point of view, this is a valuable domestic selling point, if he needs one.

A western pact with Israel would not have to be any "stronger" than the Tripartite Declaration, but it would of necessity be more precise. In referring specifically to frontiers rather than "frontiers and armistice lines" it would introduce into the Arab-Israel imbroglio that stabilizing factor whose absence constitutes the gravest threat to the peace of the region. (An armistice line is, after all, no more than a military isobar—stable only so long as both sides exert equal pressure along it, and a standing challenge to each side to seek advantage by applying more pressure.) Such a pact would, moreover, do no more than extend to Israel the guarantees Egypt and Jordan already enjoy under their treaties with Britain.

Frontiers, a Port, a Train

The task of fixing an equitable frontier between Israel and its neighbors would be less complicated than is generally supposed. The Lebanese and Syrian armistice lines with Israel coincide, except for one or two minor kinks, with the pre-1948 international frontier. Egypt has no real desire to increase its holdings in Palestine. The Egyptian junta probably would be grateful for some face-saving means of liquidating its Gaza commitment, provided Israel were not the beneficiary. Jordan remains the only state likely to raise tenable border claims against Israel.

Jordanian opinion is not notably expansionist. On the contrary, in some of the old, influential Transjordanian families it is fashionable to deplore the late King Abdullah's annexation of eastern Palestine, an act that flooded the somnolent kingdom with unruly Palestinian Arabs and upset its political equilibrium. But Jordan would be likely to file two major claims against Israel: on behalf of Arab border villagers whose fields were cut in two by the armistice lines, and for an outlet to the sea.

The border villagers' personal grievance is as much against their own irresponsible leaders for having started the fight in the first instance as it is against the Jews, with whom most of them got along well in the days of the mandate. But so long as the Israel frontier runs across their fields it is against Israel that their resentment will seek expression. Israel would do well to concede as many as possible of the minor frontier adjustments needed to heal this sore. In the Nathanya sector, however, where Israel's wasp waist is constricted to a mere fifteen miles, there is a case for the cession to Israel of a strip of Jordanian-held territory in exchange for an Israeli-occupied slice of the Jordan valley.

During the British mandate, Transjordan (as it then was) imported most of its requirements through the port of Haifa. In negotiations with King Abdullah, Israel is understood to have agreed in principle to grant the Jordanian kingdom free port facilities at Haifa and what the late king called an "extraterritorial train" from there to his frontier. These negotiations were suspended in deference to Britain's fear of splitting the Arab League at a time when it was still endeavoring to reach agreement with Egypt and Iraq on the future of its bases in those countries.

Today the Arab League is riven. Britain's bases in Egypt and Iraq now exist only on very flimsy paper, and Whitehall no longer frowns on the prospect of a Jordan-Israel settlement. Since the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan survives only by virtue of British subsidies, a Britain beset by inflation would gain relief by reducing the military and other unproductive expenditures incurred as a result of its protégé's suspended state of war with Israel. If Jordan's ruling notables were obliged to pay taxes to finance their "war effort" on their own, they would have sought a *modus vivendi* with Israel long ago. There are, indeed, indications in Whitehall that if Mr. Dulles did impose a deadline for the filing of discussions, Britain would co-operate to the extent of warning the Jordanian authorities not to count on the maintenance of its subsidies at their present level in the event of a negative response.

But while outside pressure of this kind would provide the Jordanian government with a valuable face-saver against its domestic extremists, Israel could clinch the affair by offering port facilities at Haifa, agreeing that Jordan take over the

(Continued on page 26)

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Gaza strip from Egypt (the actual suggestion might best come from the United States government), and offering Jordan a railroad across the Negev, prolonging the existing Cairo-Gaza line so as to link Gaza with Hebron and the Jordanian-occupied sector of Jerusalem.

There is no port at Gaza, but a small one could speedily be constructed with international assistance; and the Negev railroad, if the experiment worked satisfactorily, might be paralleled within a year or two by a highway, reserved for Jordanian traffic for six or eight hours a day, which Israel's two main north-south roads would overpass so as to obviate embarrassing cross-roads. The Jordanians would soon discover their interest in keeping smugglers and terrorists off the road.

An arrangement of this kind would kill a whole flock of troubles with one stone. It would offer the Egyptian Army an honorable withdrawal from Gaza, in favor of the better-disciplined, British-officered Jordan Legion, and liberate the Palestine issue from the vagaries of Egyptian politics. It would mollify that section of Egyptian opinion which has been genuinely troubled by the interruption of surface communications between Egypt and the Arabic-speaking states of Asia as a result of the rebirth of Israel. It would delight the British War Office by providing the land link so ardently desired between Britain's now isolated Jordanian bases and the Suez Canal Zone, which by treaty Britain has a right to reoccupy in the event of war. It might even raise a cheer from the Pentagon and Mr. Dulles—who, according to the Beirut daily *el-Hayat,* has confided in the Arab states' representatives in Washington his desire to see Egypt and Jordan linked via the Negev.

From this beginning a realistic solution of the enormous Arab refugee problem could be brought into the framework of the general territorial settlement. With border anomalies ironed out, military isobars replaced by western-guaranteed frontiers, and Jordan given an economic incentive to coexist with Israel, real progress will be possible on the line Secretary Dulles seems to have in mind.

IS ANY MAN INDISPENSABLE?

ERIC SEVEREID

The physical heart of the American President has faltered when Mr. Eisenhower seemed at the very crest of his personal prestige, not only in his own country but in many other parts of the world. The general anxiety over this sudden event has revealed how far we had come in thinking of the President as the indispensable man to our own welfare and the world's peace. This state of mind had taken hold in spite of the President's own repeated warning, his remark last March 2 for example, that it would be a "calamity . . . if there was such a thing as an indispensable man."

Devoted Republicans, of course, have been the leading champions of the indispensability theory, and here our political history has completed a full circle. In 1944 it was the Democrats who accepted the theory in regard to Mr. Roosevelt and the war; and it was the Republican Mr. Dewey who said in September of that year that America must put a stop to all such thinking. "If," said Mr. Dewey, "any man is indispensable, then none of us are free."

Still, it can be argued that certain Americans *have* been indispensable—for certain purposes. Washington was surely indispensable for the winning of the Revolutionary War. Lincoln was indispensable for the healing of the Civil War wounds, as Andrew Johnson and later events made fairly clear. It could be argued that Mr. Eisenhower is also indispensable for certain things: for preserving the present happy state of national unity, perhaps for extending the present confidence of business and financial leaders.

But what most men are really thinking of when they now discuss one man's indispensability is the present cautious, tricky process of finding a new footing with Soviet Russia. The Russians initiated the overtures, as they had initiated the cold war ten years earlier, but it was Eisenhower at Geneva who dramatized and intensified the process. Is Eisenhower now indispensable to the forwarding of this general movement? Some able observers believe he is. London dispatches quote an unnamed but responsible diplomat, just out of Moscow, as saying the Russian leaders will now hold back; that they trust Eisenhower's sincerity in wishing peace, but not that of some other American leaders.

There could be some truth in this. The Russian leaders are human beings, after all, who must try to judge men as well as events. But there is also ground for suspecting this might be merely a Moscow alibi for delay. It seemed certain, when I was at the Geneva meeting, that the Russians there did like the President very much, did take him at his personal word. But they remain Marxists, with the Marxist view of history; they think in terms of decades, not in terms of the short Presidential tenure of one mortal man. And certainly at Geneva they yielded absolutely nothing, not even on paper, not even to Eisenhower. Nor has their subsequent conduct indicated anything but an absolute determination to yield nothing on Germany, the central test of the process, save on their own terms, even if that takes them many years ahead.

Again, we seem to have come full circle. Since 1945 it has been a Republican article of faith that Roosevelt's great mistake in 1944 and 1945 was thinking that he personally could hold the Russians in line, keep them to the Yalta agreements. Certainly, he could not and did not, for they were planning their rape of Poland while Roosevelt was still alive. Publicly, they praised him as a trustworthy friend, just as they praise Eisenhower now, but it made no difference in their policy of cold war.

The question is, Have the Eisenhower Republicans been making precisely the same mistake they long argued that the Roosevelt Democrats made ten years ago?

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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The Atom Can Be Peaceful If . . .

OLIVER TOWNSEND

ALTHOUGH the U.N. atomic-energy conference held in Geneva last August was primarily a meeting of scientists, the information it produced and the problems it highlighted have ramifications all through the structure of human society, and will have more as time goes by.

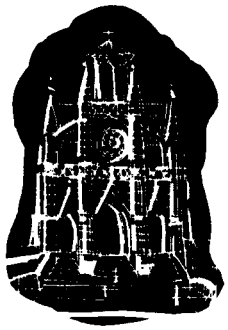
In considering these ramifications, it is important to realize that whatever else it may also be, atomic energy is essentially an industry—which means a business. In size, scope, and implications, it may be markedly different from most other businesses, but in kind it remains fundamentally the same.

As an industry, and like all other industries, the atomic industry begins with raw materials. The principal raw material is uranium. One of the very significant conclusions of the Geneva conference is that there is plenty of uranium in the world to support the growth and development of an atomic industry capable of accomplishing the great expectations men have come to envision for the atom.

Haves and Have-Nots

Perhaps unfortunately, but certainly not uniquely, the basic raw material of the atomic industry is distributed over the earth's surface in a very uneven way. As a result there are "have" and "have-not" nations in regard to uranium, just as there are in regard to coal, iron, gold, or molybdenum. Among the "have" nations are the United States, the Soviet Union, Belgium (actually the Belgian Congo), Canada, Australia, East Germany, South Africa, Czechoslovakia. Most of them presented papers on their deposits or displayed ore samples at Geneva. There is also some uranium in Portugal and France, and France also has access to recently discovered deposits in Madagascar. There are other regions of the world—such as Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, India, Alaska, and central Africa—which have not been fully explored but which conceivably could contain substantial deposits.

Among the "have-not" nations (those with either no uranium or only sparse or very low-grade deposits) are Great Britain, West Germany, Italy, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands, Spain, and Japan. Of these, the most fortunate has been Britain, which in partnership with the United States has had access to uranium ore from the Belgian Congo, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and Portugal. The other "have-nots" are much worse off, and will probably remain so as long as the world's major uranium producers are tied in, by contract or otherwise, with the atomic-energy programs of the United States, the United Kingdom, or the Soviet Union.



The fact is that up until the present time there has been no quantity of uranium worth speaking of that has been produced in any part of the world, with the exception of France and to a small degree Sweden, which has not ended up, at least for redistribution, in the possession of one of these three major atomic powers.

Supply Meets Demand

It became evident at Geneva that this tight control of the world's uranium resources by a handful of governments is due to end in the foreseeable future. In fact, the conference president, Dr. Homi J. Bhabha of India, told a press conference that in his opinion a world market in uranium was not many years away.

There are a number of reasons why this would appear to be true. First, economically recoverable uranium reserves are being found in so many places that soon it will be impossible for any one nation or group of nations to corner all new production even if that could be arranged. Secondly, the principal goal of the big ore-buying programs of the past—to ensure an adequate supply of uranium for weapons—would appear, at least on the western side, to have been virtually accomplished. This is not to say that we now have all the uranium the military may feel they need for weapons; it is simply to say that an adequate continuing supply seems to be assured. In the past, the Combined Development Agency, which buys uranium for the United States and Great Britain, could legitimately tell a potential major producer that all of his production was badly needed by the weapons factories. As more and more U.S. and British nuclear fuel turns up in power reactors and in international atoms-for-peace pools, however, it becomes obvious that the appetite of the weapons program is losing some of its former insatiability.

THESE FACTS, especially that deposits are being discovered in many parts of the world and also that new ways are being developed for extracting uranium from common low-grade sources, will almost surely lead to an erosion of the former tight control of the international uranium situation and the gradual development of a world market with prices and availability based more on economic than on political factors. The atom is going into business.

As this development comes to pass, it will raise some rather interesting questions for the major powers of the world. One of the first of these is the question of security. Whether we have realized it or not, there has in the past been a measure of *de facto* international control in the field of atomic energy. Instead of one world authority, however, there have been two. One has been centered in the Soviet Union and

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the other has been centered in the United States and Great Britain, with the agreement of France. In other words, the big powers have had to worry about each other, but neither side has had to worry very much about the smaller fry—at least not up to now.

This international control of atomic energy in each half of the world has heretofore been accomplished largely through the exercise of control over the sources of uranium supply. But as uranium becomes a free or even partly free article of international commerce, this control will inevitably be greatly relaxed. For the first time the smaller powers will soon be able to possess the raw materials of atomic energy without first having to agree to terms restricting the ways in which they may be used.

The presence of uncontrollable quantities of uranium in the world would probably not constitute a potential threat to the two-world system of control if the technology of utilizing uranium were extremely difficult to master. There is plenty of evidence, however, from Geneva and elsewhere, to show that the increasing demand for new sources of power in many parts of the world is being matched by an increasingly widely shared ability to create at least some kind of atomic industry to meet this demand.

ONE WAY by which uranium can be utilized is to purify it and make it—in its pure natural state—into elements that can be used as fuel in the research and power-producing machines known as nuclear reactors. There are four nations that can now do this on a substantial scale. Not surprisingly, they are the same ones that control most of the world's supplies of uranium ore: the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and France.

The preparation of fuel for each of the reactors now set up anywhere in the world was done in one of these four countries. A number of other nations, however, are now developing proficiency in the field. Belgium can now refine pure metal and plans later on to go into fabrication of fuel. Canada has a refinery that can carry purification into its late stages and reportedly plans also to go into fuel fabrication. Italy has a pilot refinery and metal-production plant in operation. In addition, Germany, India, and Spain, among others, are developing refining and fabricating techniques. Moreover, at Geneva each of the four leading countries gave papers on or made references to their work in these fields. Knowledge about these matters is increasing everywhere and rapidly. Thus it would seem that the monopoly system, or rather the two-monopoly system, is being subjected to stresses and strains that it will probably be unable to withstand. As a matter of fact, it is quite likely that a world market in pure uranium may grow up in the future along with that in uranium ore.

AN ATOMIC GLOSSARY

Uranium ore: Unrefined uranium as it is taken out of the ground.

Natural uranium: The refined metallic element uranium with all impurities removed. It can be used as a nuclear fuel but not as an explosive.

Uranium-235: A type of uranium that can be used either as a fuel or an explosive. It is distributed uniformly throughout natural uranium, of which it constitutes seven-tenths of one per cent.

Uranium-238: A type of uranium that is not useful directly as a nuclear fuel. It can be transmuted, however, into *plutonium,* which is useful either as a fuel or an explosive. It constitutes more than ninety-nine per cent of natural uranium.

Enriched uranium: Natural uranium in which the percentage of U-235 has been increased by artificial means to exceed seven-tenths of one per cent. Uranium can be enriched up to nearly a hundred per cent, and indeed must be to be useful as an explosive.

Plutonium: A man-made element that can be produced from U-238 by exposing it to a nuclear chain reaction in a reactor. Plutonium is useful both as a fuel and as an explosive.

Thorium: An element occurring in nature that can be transmuted into nuclear fuel (called U-233) in the same manner that U-238 can be transmuted into plutonium.

THERE IS another and better way in which uranium can be put to work in nuclear reactors. This involves increasing the percentage of U-235 in the uranium fuel above that of 0.7 per cent, which is standard for natural uranium. Such "enriched" fuel is better for reactor use because it is the U-235 in uranium that actually "burns." Natural uranium "burns," but not as well as enriched fuel. Consequently the use of enriched fuel makes possible the construction of smaller and cheaper machines.

The trouble with enriched fuel is that it is very difficult and expensive to produce. Thus the ability—as well as the inclination—to produce it is much less prevalent than the ability and inclination simply to purify and utilize natural uranium, in spite of natural uranium's disadvantages. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that there are only three nations of the world—the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain—that possess facilities for uranium enrichment. Actually, it is just as well that such facilities are not more widespread, for they make it possible to produce virtually one hundred per cent enriched uranium, which, among other things, can be used as the explosive agent in atomic bombs. That is precisely why these facilities were built in the United States ($3 billion worth at Oak Ridge and Paducah, and in southern Ohio), in Great Britain, and presumably also in the Soviet Union.

It was only natural for the three powers that possessed enriched fuel to consider using it in reactors. It was revealed at Geneva that both the United States and the Soviet Union have done so. Every power reactor described as being either in operation or under construction in the two countries was also described as utilizing enriched uranium fuel.

The British, on the other hand, have started to build an atomic industry based initially on natural-uranium reactors. The reason is that at the time Britain embarked on its atomic-power program, its uranium-enrichment plant had not been in operation long enough and was not large enough to permit enriched fuel to be used for other than weapons purposes. Britain therefore had either to use natural uranium or de-

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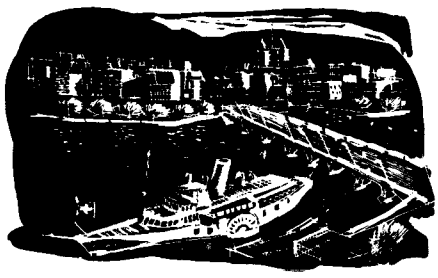
lay development of its power program. By using natural uranium, the British have proved conclusively that it is not necessary to have access to enriched fuel in order to launch a full-blown atomic-power industry.

Two Roads Converging

An even more dramatic demonstration in point is France, which without any kind of uranium-enrichment facility and without any assistance from the outside world has proceed-



ed to learn how to extract uranium from its soil, purify it, fabricate it into fuel elements, and design and build natural-uranium reactors in which to utilize it. France has two natural-uranium research reactors and is constructing a three-reactor power station utilizing natural uranium fuel.

Neither France nor Britain plans to use only natural uranium in reactors forever. That would be intolerably wasteful. To get the most out of the fuel, it must periodically be taken out of the reactor and processed to separate out the waste products, the good fuel that is left over, and the plutonium that has been produced. This plutonium, one of the products of a nuclear reaction in uranium, is of the utmost importance, because as a fuel it is just as good as U-235—in some respects better. Thus it may be used to enrich natural uranium in much the same way as U-235 is now used; or, because of its special nuclear properties, it may be used later on with uranium in so-called "breeder" reactors where more fuel is produced than is consumed.

Britain and France are going at all this via the natural-uranium route. That is, they are building natural-uranium reactors that will produce power and also in the process produce plutonium, which at first will probably be used as an enrichment agent in the next round of power reactors and ultimately in "breeder" reactors. Some of it will probably also be used to begin to make good fuel out of thorium, a prevalent "fertile" material that must be exposed to a nuclear reaction before it can be utilized. (India and Brazil have large deposits of thorium.)

The United States and the Soviet Union, on the other hand, are approaching the same problem from the enriched-uranium route, largely, it would appear, because they have plentiful amounts of enriched fuels available and because it is possible for them to enjoy at this early stage the advantages in reactor design that enriched fuel permits.

Everybody, however, is going in the same direction, and no one can tell who will get there first.

IF A NATION is going to make progress in atomic energy, its technicians must obviously master the technique of separating plutonium from spent fuel elements of uranium, whether enriched or natural. It is possible for a nation to skip the construction of an expensive enrichment plant, but it is not possible to skip the construction of a plutonium separation facility and still make progress in atomic energy. Take France, for example. France has chosen not to go into the U-235 enrichment business. Yet one of its proudest accomplishments is the development of a process for separating plutonium from spent fuel elements. France decided to go it alone and is succeeding without the assistance of American secrets and know-how. The French described the details of their process at Geneva with characteristic candor and, in the opinion of some observers, thus influenced the United States to be more frank about its own similar processes than would otherwise have been the case.

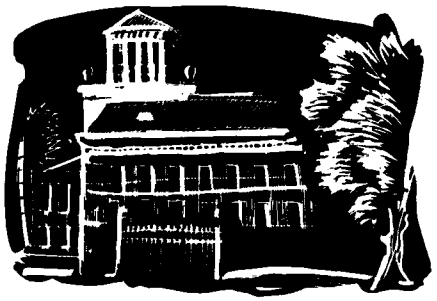
In addition to France and the United States, the nations now in the business of separating plutonium from used fuel elements are—again not surprisingly—the Soviet Union and Great Britain. Actually, however, the process is essentially a chemical one and is much less expensive and cumbersome than the enrichment process. Moreover, as with uranium refining and fabricating techniques, much of the essential information involved was declassified and placed in the public domain at the Geneva conference. Consequently it looks as if it is not only going to be necessary but easy for many nations besides the present Big Four to manufacture and possess plutonium as the world works its way into the atomic age. And plutonium —like U-235—is a bomb material as well as a fuel.

Getting Into the Act

Until recently quite a few countries had begun to work themselves along the natural-uranium route, following in the footsteps of France. Without any substantial assistance from the Big Four, they were going to difficult extremes to obtain uranium and to start programs for the design and construction of natural-uranium reactors. The extent of their work became apparent both at Geneva and in the world survey recently completed by the Atomic Industrial Forum. Here is how things were going in several nations:

¶ In Italy, plans had been developed for the construction of a natural-uranium reactor. The uranium had been produced from sparse Italian deposits. Processes for purifying it and fabricating it into fuel elements had been developed. A process for producing heavy water had also been perfected.

¶ In Norway, the Norwegians and the Dutch had jointly built and operated a natural-uranium research re-



actor. The Dutch had obtained the uranium from Belgium before the war and had successfully hidden it from the Germans during the occupation. The Norwegians supplied the heavy water, and the fuel elements were fabricated in England. The reactor was described at Geneva, as were two other designs developed in the Netherlands for more advanced types.

¶ In Sweden, a natural-uranium reactor has been built and is now in

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operation. The uranium came from Sweden's very low-grade shale deposits, from which it was extracted with difficulty by means of a process described by the Swedes at Geneva. The uranium was refined and fabricated into fuel elements in France.

¶ In Switzerland, plans for a natural-uranium research reactor have been in existence for several years, but there has been no uranium with which to get construction started. The Swiss, who described their reactor plant at Geneva, recently announced that they had finally obtained the required uranium from an undisclosed source, widely reported to be Belgium.

¶ In both Spain and India, plans have been developed for natural-uranium reactors, and proficiency has been acquired in the processing field. In both nations the necessary uranium comes from relatively meager domestic deposits.

¶ West Germany has developed plans for a natural-uranium reactor to be built at Karlsruhe, using ore mined from sparse native deposits.

¶ Even the two nations that have received the most assistance from the United States and Great Britain—that is, Belgium and Canada—had until recently been stressing natural uranium. Canada, for example, has two such reactors, with a third under construction, whose fuel elements were fabricated in the United States. (Canada also recently announced plans to give one such reactor to India.) In Belgium a natural-uranium research reactor, with fuel fabrication done in the United States and graphite supplied by Britain, is now under construction.

There are also other nations with less advanced but nevertheless definite plans for the construction of natural-uranium reactors.

As both knowledge and uranium come into free supply, there will be more reactors, more knowledge, more uranium, more hopeful possibilities, and more potential dangers.

An Offer with Strings

Onto this scene earlier this year came the United States with an offer to lease up to six kilograms of U-235 in twenty per cent enriched fuel (not useful in weapons) to any nation wishing to use it to build a research reactor. The United States also offered to provide the required information and to pay half the cost of the reactor as well. Attached to this offer, however, was the condition that all fuel had to be returned to the United States for reprocessing after use. This leaves the buyer poised neatly between his desire to gain the benefit of U.S. assistance and his desire for national self-sufficiency in atomic energy. To date twenty-four nations have availed

themselves of the opportunity to enter into such an agreement. How will this action affect their previously carefully nurtured domestic programs? Some undoubtedly will cancel or at least postpone previous plans. Others will probably try either to combine U.S. assistance with an attempt to forge ahead on their domestic programs or to modify the agreement to fit domestic needs.

WHAT IS probably even more important, the United States and Great Britain are quite correctly doing a great deal to inspire interest in atomic energy and to spread knowledge about it through the world as part of their plans to sell power reactors abroad, probably as early as next year. Here we are dealing with big machines, large quantities of fuel, and, in many cases, with nations already industrialized and yearning for self-sufficiency in the new industry of atomic energy. The terms of the bilateral agreements under which these reactor sales are made will be of great importance.

As to what the United States will try to do, there are the precedents of the research agreements and the Belgian power agreement, already signed. Both say that all enriched material supplied by the United States must come back for reprocessing. The Belgian agreement also says that the United States will have first option to buy any plutonium produced from natural uranium supplied to Belgium under the agreement, thus providing a means for keeping it out of untrustworthy hands.

There is also an agreement with Canada that tries in a generally similar manner to retain control over all fuel of potential military usefulness.

Fraught with Dangers

Whether the smaller powers will continue to tolerate this kind of approach, with both knowledge and uranium coming into increasingly wider and freer circulation, is a very open question. Certainly in the absence of any world-wide means of international control, one cannot blame the United States for trying. But success will inevitably become increasingly more difficult.

The Geneva conference marked the turning point from the old way of doing things—that is, the two-world, tight-control way. From Geneva also comes the impetus to search for a new way. Increasing pressure will come from the smaller powers who now know many of the secrets of atomic energy and what they can get out of it. If no new way is worked out, there are bound to be uncontrolled atomic industries growing up in places like Germany, Italy, Japan, India, perhaps several other parts of Europe and Asia, and even South America and Africa. Atomic development in these nations is greatly to be desired, and the United States is wisely encouraging them as much as possible. The possible danger of this development, however, is that these industries will all be capable of producing plutonium; indeed, as we have seen, they will have to produce it as part of their continuing growth. Unfortunately, plutonium is a bomb material as well as a peaceful fuel.

As to what is likely to happen as this plutonium becomes increasingly available, we have the example of France. France has a purely peaceful atomic-energy program with purely peaceful goals. But as a part of this program, in the next year or so France will begin producing substantial quantities of plutonium. Already the debate has begun within the French Government over whether some of this plutonium should not be diverted into an atomic-weapons program.

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Whatever the intention of a Government presently in power in a nation that is producing plutonium, that Government might change or it may be incapable of preventing the diversion of some of its plutonium production clandestinely or by force to bandits or revolutionaries.

BOMBS are not the only danger. Even if atomic reactors and materials are used only for peaceful purposes, they are—or it might be more correct to say can be—hazardous if they are not properly handled. Under these conditions it would be unfortunate, to say the least, if the atomic industries that grow up around the world each adopts its own standards regarding public health and safety. The hazard is potentially international in character, and it would seem that the standards also must be international. Even the peaceful atom is potentially dangerous.

This problem will become more and more pressing as increasing amounts of radioactive waste materials are disposed of in the sea and air, shipped in international carriers, and used to propel ships and aircraft operating over international routes. There are already differences of opinion as to the degree of haz-

ard involved in this disposal of radioactive wastes into the sea by the United States and Great Britain.

There are also substantial differences of opinion on such basic questions as the amount of radiation men can be exposed to without adverse genetic affect. Dr. Bhabha highlighted this difference at the Geneva conference when he said in his closing address that a "massive research effort" on the genetic-effects problem was required, and that meanwhile "It would be wise, wherever possible, not to permit people to be subjected to more than a tenth of the dose considered safe at present."

Dr. W. Binks of Great Britain's Radiological Protection Service told the Geneva conference: "It would seem that there is likely to be a race between nations in developing nuclear power reactors and in attempting to capture world atomic markets. It is not impossible that in such a race competitive considerations will lead to drastic economies on radiation protection being urged. There is thus need for international agreement on the minimum standard allowed."

Who Is to Rule?

Obviously there are two clear and pressing problems growing up in relation to world atomic-energy development that will require early solution. One is the problem of making sure that atomic fuels produced for peaceful purposes will not find their way into the hands of those who would use them for warlike purposes. The other is the problem of making sure that the health and safety of the peoples of the world are not endangered by an irresponsible user of atomic materials and equipment.

The United States is now trying to assist other nations by providing them with U.S. materials and information and at the same time induce them to agree to restrictions that would tend to perpetuate U.S. control of the dangerous side of atomic-energy activity. In a sense, it might be said that the United States is trying to trade away some aspects of its near monopoly in atomic energy in exchange for commitments not to blow up the world or otherwise endanger public health and safety. As the United States and Great Britain become less and less the sole sources of atomic information and materials in the free world, however, the more difficult will this strategy become. There are indications, in fact (in France and the beginnings that have been made in other countries), that this approach may already be too late.

What, then, can be done? One possible solution would be for the two giant combinations of power in the existing world policy impasse over atomic energy—East and West—to get together. If they don't, a kind of international atomic anarchy could very easily develop, an anarchy that would be against the interests of both the great and the small.

A solution that would be in keeping with both the interests and the responsibilities of the major powers would be for the United States and the Soviet Union to agree on terms that would settle all outstanding issues of control—or at least those deal-

ing with health and safety and the diversion of potential weapons material.

It is conceivable that the increasing availability of uranium, combined with the knowledge of how to use it, could provide the impetus that has been lacking in the past.

THE FACT is that the world of atomic energy has passed the point of no return. There is going to be atomic energy, and it is going to be worldwide. There are going to be scores of atomic-energy facilities in the world, and there is going to be traffic among nations in uranium, equipment, and information. With increasing traffic, the potential hazards will also be multiplied.

To a large extent, the Geneva conference symbolized this point of no return. It placed much new information in the world public domain, it emphasized the health problem, it dramatized the increasing availability of uranium, and it pointed up the strong desire of many nations of the world to put the atom to work. And it showed too what the atomic industry can accomplish for the world—in more power and heat and the benign uses of radiation—if the atom's inherent dangers can only be brought under effective control.

In a very real sense, there is no turning back from Geneva. But in the road ahead there is one more chance—possibly the last—to make sure that men will rule the atom instead of the atom ruling men.

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Little Red Schoolhouse In the Middle of the Road

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

SOME EFFORTS to defend America's schools fared better than others in the last session of Congress. The bill to help build schools still has a long way to go. But Congressmen did stop the world distribution of a book about America that showed pictures of a little red schoolhouse and a teacher who didn't look quite like a beauty-contest winner. Un-American, they said.

Whatever may be the true picture of the pulchritude of America's teachers (in my own experience the evidence is mixed), there is not much doubt about the true picture of the schools. They are small and old. We didn't build enough schools during the depression, and we didn't build enough schools during the war, and now all those wartime babies have toddled into school to swell the need. New ones keep toddling in. They are adding well over a million more youngsters each year to already bulging schools. This fall, children are going to school in tents, stores, lodges, and church basements. All kinds of dreadful statistics are cited from a 1952 survey of school facilities: more than half of the classrooms overcrowded; two children out of five in buildings that don't pass fire safety tests; 700,000 children on double sessions.

But it isn't easy to get new schools. For around those schoolhouses there cluster the prejudices, hopes, ideals, and interests of the nation, and they pull and tug furiously at any national school policy. Everybody believes in Our Schools, but everybody also has other commitments that he insists must be applied to our schools. The trouble with school policies is—there's a pun in here, but let's forget it—that we have too many principles.

The Camel's Nose

On the side of the conservatives, there is a principled opposition to activity—and spending—by the Federal government. Conservatives (including the "new," "dynamic" ones) are supposed to eschew the theoretical principles and abstractions of idealists and start instead with the real, tough, lousy, mixed-up, irrational, concrete world. They are said to be practical men who disdain the schemes and dreams of eggheads and concentrate instead on Getting Things Done. But these conservatives have something that looks very much like a high-flown principle of their own in their thoroughgoing anti-statism.

Like the doctrines of the idealists, this conservative principle starts from a feeling most people share but may overdo. Almost everybody is afraid of that omnicompetent state which allocates every raspberry. Almost everybody is annoyed with elaborate big government and forms in triplicate. And these feelings are double rich and extra thick in the field of education, where Federal "control" suggests intimidated teachers, edited textbooks, and indoctrinated pupils. The advocates on every side insist that we must retain local control of the schools. But for some conservatives there may be an added, negative, and perhaps doctrinaire corollary, that *any* Federal expenditure means Federal control. Even if the Federal expenditure is only for bricks and mortar? Even if it is only to meet an emergency shortage of buildings? Well, yes, they say, because the camel gets his nose into the tent, and emergencies go on forever, and one thing leads to another. (It is characteristic of principled politics to believe that one thing leads to another. Once you start, there's no stopping. You're going down that Road Ahead. Therefore, the line must be drawn.)

"How About Holding It Here To Simulate School Conditions?"

The conservatives' answer to the school crisis usually is that there isn't any school crisis, and anyway the states and local districts can meet it on their own.

But for the G.O.P. middle-of-the-roaders, many of whom would admit the plight of the schools and be genuinely concerned about it, a solution isn't as easy. Since they join in the opposition to Federal activity, they may be in something of a dilemma. For it is the Federal government, after all, that they now control.

Mrs. Hobby was rather a symbol of this dilemma; she administered a department the last word of whose name many Republicans did not approve, in many of the programs of which she did not seem enthusiastically to believe, and with large numbers of the permanent personnel of which she may not have been in sympathy.

THE MIDDLE POSITION may combine not the virtues but the vices of the extremes it repudiates. And this may be true of the bill that the Administration—possibly reluctantly—did offer to meet the need for schools. According to its opponents, it had all the vices of government interference without the virtue of meeting the need.

The Administration believes, as its chief has said, in being liberal about all things where human beings are involved and conservative about all things where money is involved. Unfortunately, however, both money and people seem to be involved in almost every issue—as, for example, in the schools. Therefore, some choices have to be made. Since the anti-statist principle tends to commit the Administration to conservatism in actual Federal deeds,

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it has something of a problem finding just where the liberalism can make an appearance. Its treatment of the school problem shows some of the places it has tried to fit liberalism in. It has been a tight squeeze.

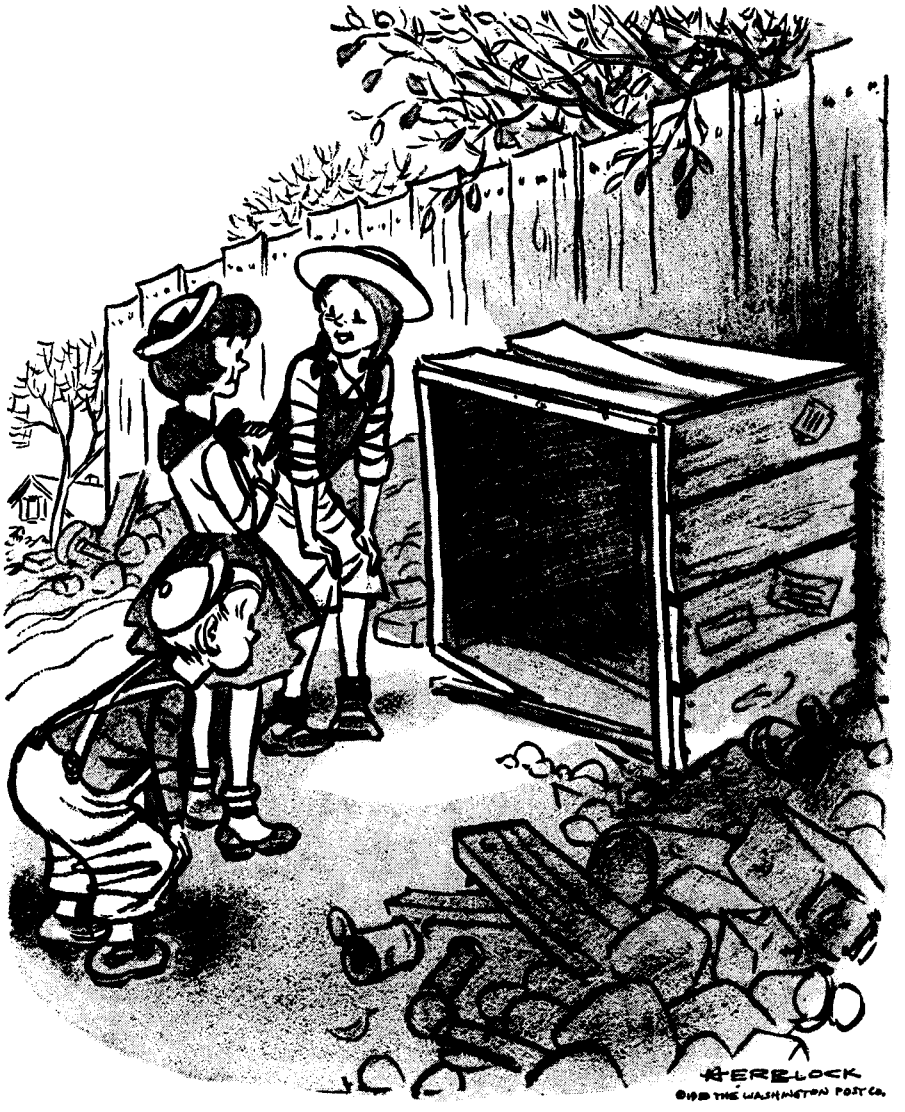
Examining the Study

One place to look for the middle way is in a government study. This approach to human problems seems to say that if we keep looking at them, maybe they will go away. For an Administration not especially friendly to intellectual activity, this one has been, in a sense anyway, quite studious. There have been lots of studies. The original Eisenhower education policy was to plan a big series of conferences on education in states and territories, to culminate in a White House Conference on Education this November. Any action on school buildings was to be postponed until after the White House Conference. Then suddenly this year the Administration proposed a bill without waiting for the conference. Its spokesmen talked about the dire need for school buildings, which had been at least equally dire during the previous two years while they were soberly awaiting the study.

Why the change of heart? asked Senator Douglas at the Senate hearings. "I am interested in a little psychoanalysis on this point," he said. The question was directed to Commissioner of Education Samuel Brownell, the Attorney General's brother, but Mrs. Hobby intervened. Somehow the Administration never quite got psychoanalyzed as to the reason for its new educational personality. But observers think the diagnosis is pretty easy: When the Democrats won control of Congress and began moving rapidly forward with a Federal-aid program to build schools, the Administration quickly decided that we didn't have to wait for that big study after all.

MEANWHILE, the conferences have been proceeding harmlessly. Unless the educators, representative public figures, and new Republicans who meet at these gatherings happen to tramp heavily through some of the older school buildings, the effect of the conferences on the school-construction problem probably will be slight.

"It's Too Small To Play House. Let's Play School"



The Disappearing Shortage

Another way to seem to move toward the middle is to give rosy pictures of the road. And here we come to the Curious Case of the Disappearing Classroom Shortage. Last year Mrs. Hobby's department said that by 1959 we would be short 407,000 classrooms. This year, in testimony before the House committee, she said that new figures showed we would then lack only 176,000 classrooms. Some of her opponents concluded that the Republicans, instead of building classrooms upward to meet the need, were adjusting statistics downward to meet their program.

But one of the suspects in the case, Roswell Perkins, insists that there is no legerdemain at all in this curious disappearance. He is the bright young Assistant Secretary in the department, and when asked what the inner meaning in the difference between the two figures might be, he said: There is no inner meaning. We just took new figures which the states were sending in, and projected them to 1959. It was all mathematical; no policy position affected it at all.

But as in all good mysteries, there were some further clues. Mr. Perkins said that on his decision second figures had been released and put into Mrs. Hobby's political testimony—a decision he now regrets. He said he did this over the reluctance of the department's own statistical people, who had charge of the surveys. Well, then, an investigator might ask them some questions. Why did they prefer that Perkins not release these figures? Because, they answered, the

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complexity of the figures couldn't be explained adequately in that context. People would get a false impression.

It seems there was a survey of school facilities, with two "phases." In the first, states estimated their classroom shortage as of September, 1952. From those figures the first estimate of needs for 1959 was projected by the Office of Education. But then there was a second phase. In this one, the states listed, project by project, their "programmed needs": the schools they actually intended to build in the next five years. From this phase came the different, lower picture of needs for 1959 that was presented in Mrs. Hobby's testimony. The difference in figures is primarily to be accounted for not by an improving situation but by the different types of surveys each represented.

The school statisticians, in fact, intended the two phases to be complementary; each phase has its use, and both were to be published as parts of one comprehensive survey. But differing philosophies seized upon parts of it for their own purposes. The National Education Association and other educators prefer estimates based on the first phase, which shows the most glaring need for schools.

But another philosophy liked the second phase, and happily presented it as though it supplanted the first and indicated a great improvement. People deserve to know that things are getting better, that we are gaining on it, said Mr. Perkins. It all depends, apparently, upon what extremes you want to pick a middle between.

Let Georgia Do It

One other way to bring in some Republican liberalism is in fond hopes for what the states will do. The Administration has had some of the fondest, because its anti-Federal principle tends to inhibit action from Washington. Therefore, the expectation of what will be done by the states becomes curiously sanguine. For example, the Administration says that its bill would construct schools faster than direct Federal grants because states and localities would stop waiting for Federal aid and go ahead and build schools. Certain critics found it hard to believe that states would suddenly do what they hadn't been doing just because they learned they weren't going to get Federal aid that they hadn't been getting.

The bill did provide for a very small amount in Federal grants, but these were to be available only after two layers of recourse at the state level had been exhausted, and only to districts with "proved need" and "proved lack of local income." These tests, schoolmen said, could be a source of infinite delay.

The heart of the Eisenhower bill was state activity. The Federal government would lend money to state building authorities, which in turn might assist the needy districts. Mr. Perkins criticized the Democratic bills because they gave grants without involving action by the state governments. He said the Administration thought the legislatures should remove low and antiquated debt limits and other restrictions that prevented localities from building schools. These state legislatures should "get off their duff," said Mr. Perkins. But he did not say what would happen if, as seems a likely prospect, the legislatures remained firmly on their respective duffs.

The Eisenhower bill was criticized severely by educators. They said that only a few states had the school-building authorities the bill required;

"Glad To Help — Here's Some Swimming Lessons"

that these authorities usually involved paying higher interest rates; that state school authorities were of dubious constitutionality; that, far from allowing the heterogeneity and local decision which it claimed, the bill would insist on each state's having such an authority though it may not be the best means for every state; that many legislatures wouldn't meet next year to make the necessary adjustments and create the necessary authorities; and that anyway the bill wouldn't help a single state really to meet its school problem.

Nearly forty state school officials said it would not help in their states. Educational organizations knew that in spite of the Administration's rosy vision of what states might do, the state legislatures' overrepresentation of rural groups would mean a continuing opposition to help for the schools in growing urban and suburban communities. They knew, too, that many of the same taxpayer groups that when testifying against Federal aid spoke eloquently about what states and localities could do would be equally eloquent, and more powerful, in preventing the states and localities from taxing to do it.

Finally, the educators knew that a bill centering on state activity would not involve that readjustment among the states which they felt to be necessary to help the faster-growing and poorer states to meet their greater need for schools. To the indignant question of a Republican Congressman, "Do you mean that my constituents in Kansas should help pay for schools in California?", their answer would be "Yes." For lots of the new kids they have to build schools for in California have just come there from Kansas, and they might fight or think or do something else that will help Kansas, along with the other states. Anyway, education of the nation's children is a national problem.

THE OUTCRY of the educators against the Eisenhower bill represents their traditional commitment to Federal aid and their vested interest in well-supported education. Their attack upon the bill included the charge that no educator had been consulted anywhere in its development. However, as Mr. Perkins observed, the views of the major education agencies were perfectly well known and had been for a long time, and it was not really necessary to consult them to rediscover that they favored large Federal grants.

Many have felt that the Administration's most basic commitment was

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elsewhere. Being in favor of schools is all right, but the more essential, defining principle of Republicanism is opposition to Federal expenditure. It isn't easy to work out a position in the middle of a road, especially when people on one side of you are in an opposing party and people on the other are in your own. The attempts to find dynamically conservative ways of progressing moderately down the middle of the road, when the support comes chiefly from one side of the road, may find that the conservatism takes over the deeds while the dynamism is limited to intentions, atmosphere, and slogans.

Enter Segregation

Meanwhile, over on the side of the supporters of Federal aid there also was a worthy but troublesome principle. Some potential problems had been overcome by the approach that proposed aid to school construction. Fear of Federal control is less valid when the money is just for building. The struggle between supporters of parochial schools and ardent separators of church and state may not develop, because nobody very seriously proposes Federal aid to parochial-school buildings.

The school-construction approach gave a wider opening for what many wanted: large, direct Federal grants on a matching basis, to be allocated to the states and administered by the state departments of education. Basically, they felt this was the only way that the schools they wanted would be built.

They also realized that the attempt to build additional schools solely with local tax resources would mean a further heavy drain on the local property owner. They knew that urban property is taxed more heavily than rural property, and residential property more heavily than industrial property, and that some fast-growing communities are already taxed and bonded to the limit, building streets and sewers and everything else at once. They suspected that state legislatures wouldn't rush to make readjustments to help new cities and suburbs, since these are just the areas that are underrepresented. They say that the Federal government has been assisting education for years in vocational education, land-grant colleges, agricultural work, and other programs without any of the feared "control." In their view, we need a national sharing of resources to help the states with rapidly growing or poor districts. Therefore, they want the Federal government, with its progressive income tax, brought in to share the burden of paying for schools more equitably and, most of all, to get the schools built.

Sour Note In The Horn Of Plenty

Herblock; © The Washington *Post*

The Senate's greatest champion of education, Lister Hill (D., Alabama), moved forward with the Federal-grant bill when the Democrats took control of the Senate in January. Senate hearings were speedily concluded in February, and it looked as though a bill would come out with rare dispatch. But then suddenly all was silence. Nothing more came of the Senate bill. For around the Senate offices there had passed a whisper that an anti-segregation rider might be offered.

In the House it wasn't a whisper, it was a roar—the highly articulate roar of Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. (D., New York). During the hearings on the House bill, he made plain his determination to offer an amendment denying Federal aid to any district maintaining segregated schools. Chairman Graham A. Barden of the House Committee on Education and Labor, a North Carolina Democrat, responded with an ominous grumble about "social" legislation. From then on, the problem of segregation hung over the bill. Powell spoke for a minority invigorated by the Supreme Court decision last year and eager for the consolidation of victory. His persistence gave Northern liberals a dilemma of their own. If they worked against such an amendment, they would violate one of their most deeply held principles; if they voted for it, there would be no school bill, because votes of Southerners necessary for passage would then not be forthcoming.

Relative Values

Cool realists would argue that it was better to have a school bill without an anti-segregation clause than no school bill at all. They would say that, in the comparable case of public-housing bills some years ago, it was better for Negroes, who received disproportionately great benefits from public housing, to have a public-housing bill without an anti-segregation clause than to have no public housing. Especially, it would be argued that since the Supreme Court had ruled school segregation unconstitutional, there was no need to write the same thing into a school-construction bill and hamstring Congressional action on school aid. But all this did not convince Powell, the N.A.A.C.P., or their allies. For they are not cool realists. They are not simply calculating what would be best in material terms for Negro pressure groups. A principle is involved—a principle that is perhaps the most deeply and emotionally felt commitment of American liberals: that all forms of racial discrimination and segregation are wrong.

For those for whom this is a high principle, no petty calculations about schools, houses, or prospects for bills will suffice. No mere social gains for Negroes as people will satisfy the demand for what is right and just, for the redress of a wrong, for the vindication of the principle of brotherhood. The issue is deeply emotional because it deals not so much with interests—who gets what in houses, money, taxes, schools—as with personal dignity. It is not just a deprivation of material advantage which is at stake, but a personal humiliation. So the civil-rights issue raises the deepest emotions and moves where no calculus of relative values can touch it.

Like other overriding principles,

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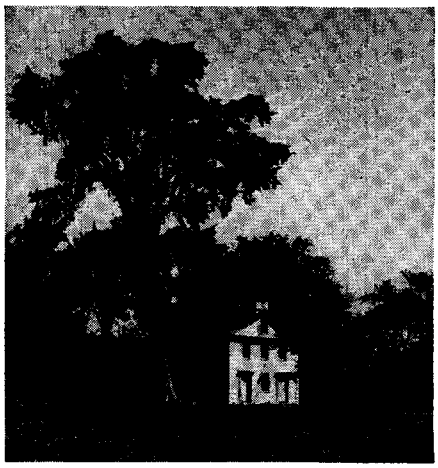
it may tempt its adherents to imagine a new reality to correspond to its observance: "The Federal school construction bill," said the N.A.A.C.P., "*can* be passed *with* anti-segregation language if its supporters will throw their moral certitude into the arena and follow it into combat with some backbone and some intestinal reinforcement. . . ." To the N.A.A.C.P. it appears that the "realists" are counseling despair and compromise when they say that the anti-segregation amendment would kill the bill. "This battle can be won," said the organization, "but not at the wailing wall."

Over at the wailing wall, the opponents of the anti-segregation rider argued not only that it would destroy the chances of the bill but also that maybe it wasn't such a good idea anyway. Perhaps it violated still another principle—Federal aid without any Federal control. Maybe the same reasoning used to justify an anti-segregation rider could be used to justify an anti-teaching-about-U.N. rider, or any other requirement a Congress might see fit to include. Better no strings at all, they said.

The anti-segregationists reply that they aren't proposing any Federal strings; they are just asking compliance with the law. Why should anybody accuse *them* of hurting school construction; all they are doing is asking that no money be given to those school districts which persist in violating what the Supreme Court has declared to be the law of the land. Should the Federal government give money to school districts that are in open defiance of the Supreme Court's findings? Should money collected from all the nation be used to subsidize school districts that maintain segregation in violation of law? Don't accuse *us* of holding up a school-construction bill, they say; it's the Southerner fighting against integration who is holding up school construction. People are always asking us to yield, to be reasonable, to compromise, not to be extreme. Why don't you ask *them* to yield once in a while?

So goes the anti-segregationists' argument, and it is not an easy one for Northern liberals to answer. It splits the Democratic Party. For example, on the Senate committee three chief proponents of Federal aid to schools would be Senators Hill, Lehman of New York, and Douglas of Illinois. But when an anti-segregation rider is proposed, it is almost as difficult for Lehman and Douglas to oppose it as it is impossible for Hill, who comes up for election in Alabama next year, to support it. This embarrassing fact about the Democrats is not unknown to Republicans and opponents of Federal aid. Maybe it played a part in causing Senators Bender (R., Ohio) and Purtell (R., Connecticut), neither especially strong advocates of Federal aid to education or of racial integration, to press the



Black Star

question of an anti-segregation amendment. The result was to stall the effort to pass a school-construction bill, for it set the principles of the Northern Democrats against what is often euphemistically called in Congress the "customs and traditions" of the Democratic South.

Some writers on politics deal with school construction as though all one can find in it is group interests. But it isn't easy to explain the present fight entirely in those terms. There are plenty of interests in it, all right. For example, there is the fight among the states over the "formula" by which funds would be distributed. The Southern states want what is called an "equalization" bill, which, oddly enough, gives more money to Southern states, while the other states (especially those with lots of children) want the funds distributed strictly in proportion to the number of school-age youngsters in each state. The whole thing could be interpreted as a fight among vested interests over whether we should pay for more schools and who should pay. Heading the battle on one side are the schoolmen, with a vested interest in more money for schools. On the other side are those who, for reasons of their pocketbooks, want low taxes rather than more schools.

But this rather nasty interpretation doesn't really explain the complexities of this fight. In addition to interests there are deep convictions. These are related to interests, but not wholly dependent on them. Not everybody who believes in states' rights profits from it. Many who are deeply committed to Federal aid to schools are neither schoolmen nor parents. The anti-segregation convictions cannot wholly be explained, as their opponents say, by reference to the "Negro vote." These principles are as much the stuff of politics as are interests, and sometimes they are more pesky. They cannot be overlooked. They cannot and should not be done away with, as is suggested by those who want everybody to "vote his interest." Rather they should be deepened and chastened into a working and flexible relationship to other principles and to the real possibilities of the time. That is true conservatism. Or maybe it is true liberalism. I forget which.

The House committee did report a school-construction bill at the end of one session of Congress, but it didn't get to the floor. The bill will be around for Congress to work on next session. It includes a moderate amount of Federal grants from the Democratic bills, with two parts from the President's bill, including the Federal loans to states. These parts of the Administration bill are rendered harmless, and maybe also useless, by the fact that school districts no longer have to try them before getting Federal help but can go for it directly, which most will probably do. But the bill has the aspect of a compromise, and it remains to be seen whether the Administration will really work next year to help get it passed.

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Haiti: The Smiling People And the Old Gods

SABINE GOVA

PORT-AU-PRINCE

"TRANSPORTATION within Haiti," says the official guidebook, "consists of automobiles and airplanes. Peasants travel on horses and donkeys which add a colorful animation to interior and coastal roads." By now I had spent two weeks in the capital and had seen nothing of this colorful animation. The peasants traveled to town in overcrowded, old-fashioned busses or afoot.

It seemed strange that the Haitians should have skipped the railroad age entirely. When the railroad was invented and all countries that considered themselves civilized hurried to make their maps disappear behind a cobweb of railroad routes, Haiti was sovereign and free to do the same. It ought to have built a railroad if only for reasons of self-respect.

This conjecture was confirmed when I discovered on a colorful map of Port-au-Prince distributed by a souvenir shop the picture of a train moving pompously along the Rue du Quai. But when I went to that street, I found no railway or the slightest trace of it. On one side of the Rue du Quai were old narrow houses with stores where hardware, ropes, and such materials as are needed in a port were sold. The other side was open to the bay and occupied by a native market. Everything to be sold was spread out on the ground, bread and fruits as well as china, glasses, underwear, and yard goods.

A young woman was kneeling in the dust before some piles of cloth. She chose a piece of blue cotton and put it, neatly folded, on her head to carry home. The red dress she was wearing had faded into a soft tint that Gauguin would have loved. He would have loved the whole picture of this slender Negro girl with the blue cloth hanging down to her shoulders and a big brown basket of dark-green mangoes crowning the head she carried high.

The market gave way to a poor district with small streets where I lost sight of her. But I continued, strolling aimlessly among the dilapidated dwellings. Turning a corner, I saw rails laid out all along the

street. They seemed to be in use; they were not rusty, but what kind of a train could possibly squeeze through these rows of mud huts without tearing the roofs off?

I WALKED along the rails in the direction of the center of the city. The single track became two and ended behind a dignified brick building carrying in big metal letters the inscription COMPAGNIE DE CHEMINS DE FER D'HAITI. There was no train to be seen. Through a door I entered a hall that ran the length of the building. The gate on the opposite side was closed; over a grilled window on the left was the sign BILLETS, and over a door on the right was written CHEF DE GARE. It looked like a stage set for a scene in a provincial railroad station. But to give it a realistic touch, the stagehand would have hung up a timetable. It was missing here, and this station without a train, without a timetable, without anybody waiting, was utterly unreal. Nevertheless it was there. So I knocked at the stationmaster's door and was almost surprised when a deep voice called, *"Entrez!"*

"I am sorry I disturbed you, Monsieur," I said, embarrassed when I saw the man who, sitting at a desk, looked up while keeping a finger pressed to a figure in a column on which he had been working. And to give my interruption a plausible reason I added, "Could you tell me when the train will arrive?"

"According to schedule," he answered promptly. "Every Tuesday and Friday evening."

"And when does it leave?" I ventured.

"According to schedule," he repeated with pride. "Every Wednesday and Saturday between noon and one o'clock." Then, after a pause during which he obviously pondered what might be the motive of my asking, he said, "Whenever you want to take our train, you can be assured we will wait for you, Madame."

It would have been natural to ask where the train was going, but I felt I could no longer interrupt his work with idle questions.

"I'll be glad to take the train the day after tomorrow," I informed him to my own surprise. Did I really want to go? I thought it over for a few moments, long enough to see that this sudden decision practically solved my problem of the last few days. Convinced that somewhere inland lay a more authentic nontourist Haiti, I had been wondering which place to choose. To take a train and go, destination unknown, was the perfect answer.

Sixty Miles, Seven Hours

When I came to the station and saw painted along the train PORT-AU-PRINCE—ST. MARC, it was almost as disappointing as being told long be-

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fore Christmas what you are going to receive. But it was a pleasant gift; I had heard that St. Marc was an old seaport well known for the beauty of its waterfront.

The train left according to schedule. It was Saturday, shortly before one o'clock. Three cars hung on the tiny engine which pulled them along with much panting and puffing as though it had less than the scheduled seven hours to make the sixty miles.

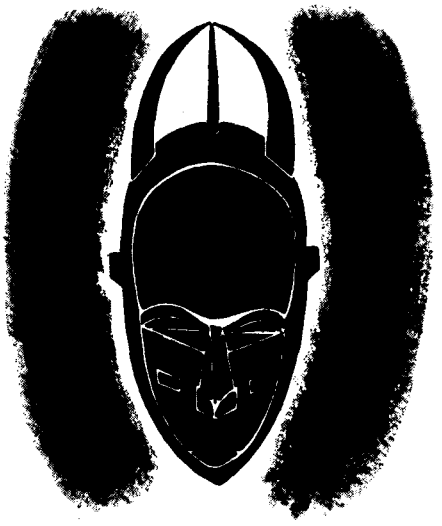
"Ten centimes, Messieurs-Dames, it's very refreshing!" A young man holding an open beer bottle high above his head tried to pass along the bench. It ran around the walls inside the car where I had found a narrow space to sit in the crowd of travelers. The vendor had a hard time not stumbling over the bags, bundles, and people huddled together on the floor. Whenever he reached a willing customer, he poured some liquid over the outstretched hands. It was aromatic alcohol, strong enough to fill the car with a strange Oriental scent.

Another vendor was passing by with little raw silvery fish, too expensive, it seemed, for most of the travelers but eaten with delight by the privileged few. Pulverized tobacco offered on fresh leaves sold quickly; to take snuff is more economical than to smoke tobacco. The car must have had window panes in former times. The openings were still there, some closed by boards nailed across. Those left empty let the branches of trees slip in and out as we went along: a rapid caress of supple green hands. Coconut palms and calabash trees gave way to plantations of coffee, and banana palms that alternated with sugar cane.

WHEREVER we passed, the men in the fields saluted with knives more than a foot long; these are carried by almost all Haitian men, hanging like swords from their belts. They serve every purpose, from cutting cane and splitting wood to cleaning fingernails. Some men stopped working when the train approached and, walking along behind it, reached the next station well in time to climb in. Occasionally a dog would rush at the iron monster and accompany it, barking furiously. Only when the distance from home grew too great would the dog give up—as to the race there was no doubt that any dog could have won.

Suddenly the evening rain began. Here in the train it meant that water poured in from all sides, reaching even those seated in the very middle of the car.

"Madame, won't you come along with me?" the conductor invited me. He picked up my luggage and I followed him to the narrow compartment separated from the rest of the first car by some unpainted boards forming a screen. A kerosene lamp



was swaying over a primitive table surrounded on three sides by a bench. On it in the corner some young plants were standing, the roots carefully wrapped in rags. We sat down, the plants between us. The conductor's shapely black hands caressed the green stalks.

Only country people took his train, he told me.

"But I understand why you are doing it, Madame," he added. "Going slowly you get the inspiration of the landscape—like Pascal." And while I was wondering what Pascal might mean to him, he went on, "Whatever takes time is good. Look at these mahoganies. No more than little sprouts now. But my progeny" —"progeny" was the word he used— "will enjoy their shade."

Could he be a father? He looked so young. Sensing the question, he continued, "I am going to be married next year. The children will come and grow with the trees. It will take time. But time doesn't respect what has been done without it."

I no longer had to ask what Pascal meant to him.

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The Haitians of Savannah

ST. MARC

No electricity in this west-coast village. M. Arnoux, the owner of the Hotel Savannah, gave me a candle and led me to my room furnished with a bed, a chair, a basin on a wooden table, and a pitcher of water. After sunset—darkness. What to do but sleep?

At half-past five in the morning I had good Haitian coffee with the family. It was served with freshly made *cassaves*—flat tapioca cakes having no taste whatever but considered very nourishing.

"Why did you call your house Savannah?" I asked the landlord to open a conversation. "Did you have a special reason for it?"

"Certainly, Madame," he replied. "You remember the capture of Savannah by the British in 1778? There were not only Americans defending the city. Quite a good many Haitians had joined them. Eight hundred had gathered right here where our house stands and had decided to go and help the Americans in their fight for freedom. Most of them were killed at Savannah. We haven't forgotten them."

We went to church all together, the children walking in front and looking very pretty in their Sunday best. The church made an almost Puritan impression; there were very few pictures of saints, no candles, not even a holy-water basin. My hostess told me on the way home that the priest was a Frenchman. Most of the priests on the island are French, trained in the Seminary of St. Jacques in France which was founded especially to train priests for Haiti.

"What special training do the priests need for Haiti?" I asked.

"I'll tell you later," Mme. Arnoux said with a look at the children. Obviously wanting to change the subject, she added, "Didn't you say you would like to go to the beach before luncheon?"

It was only nine o'clock but already it was growing very hot. A swim would be wonderful.

"You should go to the Grosse

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Roche, but that is quite a way," she told me. "Our neighbor's boy can accompany you." We had reached the hotel in the meantime and were standing in the open porch. Raising her voice she called across the street, "Fritz! Fritz!"

"Fritz," I said. "That sounds very German to me."

"Of course it is," she said. "His grandfather came from Germany."

There he came, a tall youngster who looked so African that nobody could ever have suspected his German descent.

"Fritz Rosenthal," he introduced himself. It taught me how little can be in a name.

I was interested to hear whether there were other Germans in town.

"Only one," Fritz said. "She is a baker and good at her trade. We buy her bread but she doesn't like Negroes, so she doesn't visit with us. But one day her daughter got terribly sick. She had to see our doctor, and he said: 'Gertrud has to have a blood transfusion or she will die.' So now she has to live with eight pints of Negro blood in her veins."

Fritz had told the story without resentment or mockery. It would not have occurred to him to consider any of these events as funny; though he could not be older than eleven or twelve, he seemed fully aware of the seriousness of racial problems.

Madame Sarah

We were walking along a dusty road, the chain of green mountains before us on the horizon. A high rock barred our way, and when we went around it we were on the beach. The belles of the town were seated in inner tubes drifting leisurely on the quiet water. The young men were swimming around them, trying to push their girls out of the throng and into the open for a little more privacy. On the blue water, the black tubes surrounding the ebony bodies looked like dark water lilies surrounded by somber buds—the heads of the boys.

I stayed on one side of the Grosse Roche where the women undressed while Fritz went over to the other side, the department for men. With a group of four or five girls I entered the water and Fritz helped me into an inner tube, slowly driving me along.

Some boats were passing by. "They are going to the love nest," the boy explained. "That's beyond the bay over there—do you see? It's where Madame Sarah is singing. Would you like to go?"

An invitation by a child to a love nest where a Madame Sarah was singing was a little shocking.

"Who is Madame Sarah?" I asked, disregarding his question. He looked at me with surprise, "Oh, you don't know? A tiny bird, all black and yellow. It sings all day. You have to keep quiet in your boat in order not to scare it. I'm sure you would love to hear it. I'm pretty strong. I could paddle you over."

I told Fritz how much I would like to go but said that I had to be back early.

The Dangerous Word

Mme. Arnoux had told me that Antoine, a friend of the family, would drive his truck to Gonaïves right after lunch.

"It's a good opportunity for you, Madame, to go on. The bus will not come tomorrow and there is nothing more to be seen here in St. Marc."

She was right; on my walk back from the beach I had crossed the small town in all directions without discovering anything of interest. After lunch I would leave as soon as Antoine arrived.

Coming down from my room, I found my hostess with two other women and their children sitting on the porch. The little girls in light-colored starched dresses and the boys in white suits looked like the most charming chocolate dolls. They sat around chatting and laughing, the children on one side, the adults on the other. Everybody knew where his place was, but they also knew that they belonged together.

I sat down with the women. "Madame is going to Gonaïves," Mme. Arnoux explained. "I'm sure she will enjoy seeing the monument and the new cathedral. It is very beautiful," she added, turning to me.

Her mention of the cathedral reminded me of the question I had asked her on our way home. "Are there also French priests at the cathedral of Gonaïves?" I asked. "You said this morning you would tell me why they need a special training for Haiti."

"Oh, there is not much to tell about." She shrugged her shoulders as if she wanted to chase away something unpleasant. "You might have seen yourself that things in church aren't quite the same with us as elsewhere."

Though I felt her reluctance I pursued the point. "Now that you mention it, I was wondering whether the lack of holy water in the churches here had some significance."

She looked at her neighbors for encouragement and lowered her voice to a whisper while the two others threw in a word here and there.

"We have holy water in Haiti, of course. But not in the churches. We get it to have it at home. The Father gives it to us when he knows us well and can trust us. We have to hide it because there are the others, you know, those who believe in voodoo . . ."

A sudden silence. The dangerous word had been said.

"And what do these people do?" I asked quickly to keep them from changing the subject. One of the neighbors continued resolutely, "They steal the holy water. They need it in their service. They take over everything that's holy. They take the Virgin and our Saviour and all the saints and use them as images of their gods."

"And they will cross themselves the reversed way," another broke in shuddering. "It's sacrilegious. To

think that they believe it helps them to cure the sick! It's worse than calling up the devil. He is in the Bible at least. Holy Mother of God," she added crossing herself rapidly, "we should not speak so much of it. It's bad, it's evil."

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ABRUPTLY the conversation turned to other questions. A servant who looked like a child was called to serve fruits and juices. My curiosity to hear more about voodoo had to wait for another occasion.

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The American Occupation

GONAIVES

After my long lonely walks I was looking forward to dinner. What was lacking in variety and quality of food was compensated for by the company and the conversation. My companions at dinner were a bank clerk, Justin Brouard, and an employee of the post office, Louis Dauphin, both living in the hotel. Sometimes a friend dropped in, a traveling salesman, and M. Parrain, our host, having served the meal, would sit down with us as long as he could get away from the bar. The choice of dishes was small: Beans and rice alternated with baked bananas, a good fish, or a little dry meat. Nevertheless the meals lasted long, for there was an endless variety of subjects to discuss.

ONE DAY I wondered about the sharp contrast between the new and the old parts of the city.

"We would be further advanced in our building projects if the American occupation had not left us in such a terrible state," M. Legrand, the old salesman, asserted. Each of the other men had a story to tell supporting their friend's statement. In the memory of every Haitian the American occupation of 1915-1933 lingers like a nightmare. Whatever the political reasons, for the population of the entire island it had meant being at the mercy of white marines whose selection for service in Haiti had been based on their having been raised in the Southern part of the United States.

"Let's have no more talk about it. You'd better read what happened here in the prisons and concentration camps during the occupation," Legrand said very seriously when I confessed to my ignorance of the period. "We don't like to be reminded of that time." After my return to the United States I did as he had suggested and found that everything the Haitians had told me was confirmed in the leading American papers and magazines of that time.

"What hurt me most," Louis Dauphin declared, "was the forgetfulness of the Americans. They are indebted to us, don't they remember? They got Louisiana only thanks to us! If we hadn't killed Napoleon's over-

seas army, he would have used it to defend that colony of his and he wouldn't have had to sell it."

"They should have a great soul, the Americans, because they speak English—that is the point I make," Legrand mused. "You know, a great writer has said—wasn't it André Gide? —'To learn a language is to acquire a soul.' Before the occupation, I always thought the Americans had the soul of Shakespeare."

"And if they had it, do you think they would treat the Negro any better for that?" Brouard snapped back. "What a fool your Shakespeare made of Othello!"

"You are a fool yourself to be so prejudiced," old Legrand said in a fatherly tone. "Shakespeare doesn't make a fool of Othello because he is black but because he is in love. His white lovers aren't treated differently. But now look at this: Desdemona loves Othello and she isn't condemned for it though he is black. That indeed is the soul of Shakespeare."

A young man sitting at the next table said something in Creole.

"He would like to join our conversation," Dauphin told me. "He understands French but he doesn't speak it well enough."

"What kind of a soul do people acquire when they learn Creole?" Brouard mockingly asked Legrand.

"The soul of a child," he replied promptly. "It's baby talk. As soon as you go to school, you learn French so you can read and write."

"But Creole is the child of the French language," Dauphin added in an effort to save the honor of his native tongue. "It's not a very beautiful offspring, I admit; yet it is French."

The Pension Nina

CAP HAITIEN

The city looked sleepy as seen from the port, and the repeated sounding of the ship's siren seemed to wake nothing but echoes. At last a customs officer, wiping the last drops of his morning coffee out of his mustache with the back of his hand, ambled toward the pier. He gazed at the passengers, caught sight of the foreign tourist, and suddenly was fully awake. He quickened his walk, jumped on board, and welcomed me very politely. He apologized for the regulations, which did not allow me to go to town before eight o'clock. However, he did not want me to waste two hours and proposed to take me for a walk. Accompanied by him, of course, I could leave the boat. And accompanied by me, of course, he had a good reason to leave the customhouse.

When he heard that I had no reservation, he told me that one of his cousins was the owner of a boarding-house that might be just the right place for me to stay.

"My cousin, Pierre Delatour, has been running that place for many years. And look here"—he pulled a green card out of his pocket—"he certainly has the right spirit." Turning the card in his hand, he continued with admiration, "What a man he is to think of this modern approach!"

ON the small square I read "Pension Nina, Street I, between 13th and 14th Sts. Irreproachable service and democratic prices." Where else could I possibly go but to the Pension Nina!

Host Delatour was a dignified man who looked and moved in his bathrobe as if he were wearing a cassock. His strong features were softened by the friendly expression of his eyes, but when he spoke it was evident that he was used to being obeyed. He did not need to raise his voice; he had a way of raising his eyebrows that was more impressive than any verbal menace. His servants showed him respect and confidence and his young Jamaican wife attended him with deference though with obvious tenderness. Sometimes she came to the open gallery of the second floor where he sat at his desk

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under the hanging flowerpots and, hesitantly putting her hand on his shoulder, said, "Take a moment of rest, dear, I pray you." He would not turn around but would slowly close his book and walk over to the balustrade and stand there for a while, his dark face framed by the red geraniums. Occasionally he would say a fatherly word to the maids who were laundering and cooking in the yard, but usually he would just stand there quietly, listening with a gentle smile to the songs with which the girls below accompanied their work.

The meals in the Pension Nina were served in the small dining hall, which could also be reached from the street by climbing a stone three times as high as an ordinary step. The few guests were served by little Jeanne. She looked about thirteen

but never missed an opportunity to mention that she would be sixteen next month, and to make up for her patched cotton dress and her bare feet she was wearing a straw hat with a faded silk rose drooping over her left eye. She never took the hat off. From time to time she went to stand before the fragment of a mirror fixed with some crooked nails to the wall behind the counter and tried to stuff her numerous short pigtails under the hat. They sprang out again immediately, peeping black and stiff through the holes in the yellow straw, but in spite of this unsatisfactory result she would turn around and, proudly throwing back her head, would carry the food to us as if offering a gold crown on a plush cushion.

The Stranger

There were four tables in the corners for occasional patrons coming in from the street. The middle table was reserved for the guests of the Pension. Generally I was alone, but one evening when I had started on the customary dish of red beans and rice with spiced gravy, a carefully dressed Haitian came down the stairs.

"Good evening, sir," little Jeanne greeted him. "I'm glad to see you here again." She set a place for him across from me but he remained standing until I invited him to sit down.

"Justin Villefonte," he said introducing himself. "I just flew over from Port-au-Prince. It's an advantage that we can cross our country now in half an hour."

"It certainly is if you are pressed for time," I agreed, "but one doesn't see anything of the people. For me as a foreigner the down-to-earth transportation is the better choice."

"You came by car?" he asked.

"No, by train, bus, and boat, not to mention occasional lifts by truck."

This answer astonished him and only after I had told him some of my experiences during the trip did he seem to understand why I preferred these means of moving around.

"You have an unusual way of traveling," he said looking at me with barely concealed curiosity, "but it's in line with your staying at the Pension Nina instead of going to the Hostellerie du Roi Christophe."

"It's a beautiful place," I said. "I had a delicious dinner there one night. But I felt as if I were losing the contact with the Haitian people that I was just building up."

"Did you make all the contacts you were seeking?" he asked. A watchful expression came over his serious face. Somehow it made me think there were contacts he did not want me to make.

"There was nobody special I wanted to see," I said, hoping with this casual answer to lower his guard. "But I found hospitality and confidence everywhere I went."

"And that was all you wanted?" It was rather a bold question, but his stern, almost grim look kept me from giving a flippant answer. Instead I said, underlining each word: "That was all I wanted. But that is a great deal and I am happy I found it."

"You are wise not to ask for more than you can get," he said, and now his voice was warm again but very sad. "I too am asking for confidence and hospitality, but those from whom I want it will not give it to me right here in my own country."

"Have you enemies?"

"It's not a question of enemies but of men who are superior. Men who are in a higher life. They would not let me share it if I came on bended knees."

What was he talking about? Something was on his mind that made him look forlorn though determined, something strange and secret.

Then I asked in a whisper, so as not to be heard by the other people in the room, "Why, don't the houngans [voodoo priests] accept you—you, a Haitian?"

"I will tell you because you understand," he said without showing the slightest surprise over my question. "Let's take a walk after dinner."

The Zombies

As long as we were between the houses, Villefonte did not mention anything that could be related to voodoo. In a light, conversational way, he spoke to me about his life. A single child of well-to-do parents in Jacmel, he had attended the best schools in Haiti and afterward had studied at the Sorbonne. Now he was a lawyer.

"But I also studied psychology, not for professional reasons but for my own enlightenment," he continued. "It helped me a lot when I went to the United States. I would have suffered terribly there because never before had I known racial prejudice." He paused for a moment and then added rapidly: "I was able to take it. People cannot make me feel inferior because of the color of my skin. But I want to prove that we are equal. I want to make known that we Africans have solutions to offer where the white scientists are still guessing. Psychiatric solutions, psychological solutions, even medical, perhaps . . ."

"Are you working on them?" I

asked. We had reached a quiet square and sat down on a bench. The darkness had swallowed his face; sometimes his strong teeth flashed very white while he spoke.

"I'm not because I can't get at them—they are in the hands of the houngans. It's the houngans who know more about the so-called won-

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der drugs than the entire scientific world. And they know how to use them, they know it dangerously well. Why do you think our penal code stipulates that 'The use of substances which do not kill but produce a cataleptic state is to be judged as attempted homicide and the burying of a person treated with such a drug is to be considered murder'? However, they are not dead, the persons treated this way. The houngan secretly disinters them —and, believe me, there is nobody who dares to keep him from doing so! Then the houngan treats his victim with another poison and permits him to live as a zombie."

"Do you really believe that there are zombies?" I asked doubtfully.

"Of course there are. Only it is rarely that a case is discovered and brought to trial. The last we had was fourteen months ago. The zombie was found in the houngan's house—a mere robot without thought or will. The houngan was put in prison. I tried to see him there, but before I obtained the necesary permission he was killed in a riot of the inmates. He was one of the very last to possess the full traditional knowledge of his vocation." There was an interval of silence. Then Villefonte asked, "Where have you seen a voodoo ceremony?"

WHEN I ADMITTED that I had not attended any, he said quickly, "Very good, very good. For whatever you might see is just for show. It's a sensation for the tourists, an entertainment for the people, and a source of income for the houngan. He makes his money easily with the rich foreigners. The houngans in the mountains have nothing but what our poor people can offer. But they have knowledge. The danger is"—and his voice grew intense and harassed—"that the great houngans will die without passing this knowledge on. Those foreign scientists who go up there will never learn anything—a white man never will. Even I, a Haitian, willing to do anything, oh yes, believe me, anything, to be present at a ceremony or healing—I am rebuffed!"

"Do they give any reason for their refusal?" I asked.

"Yes, they do. The reason is that I was born in the south. Only the people in the north are considered devout enough to be trustworthy. But I will get there. I will wrest their secrets from them. That's why I have gone up there uncounted times, that's why I'm going today and will go until it's all mine. Then I will adapt it to modern science. I will show the world what Haiti has to contribute."

"I hope you succeed," I said. He took my hand. "I will. And now I must go. Adieu." He walked away.

(This is the first of two articles on Haiti by Miss Gova.)

A Seat In the Stalls

MARYA MANNES

A TYPICAL British theater audience might tempt you to believe that class distinctions had indeed been swept away in the last fifteen years. Few are the tall and dressy high-voiced people who used to preempt the stalls, many the raw-handed men in rough tweed coats, the girls in sweaters and skirts. Where the intermissions were loud with cries and chirps of "Pam!" or "Geoffrey, darling!" there are now the rumbling tones of Yorkshire and the oblique vowels of the Cockney. When the curtain falls and the band plays "God Save the Queen," the audience stands as one people indivisible. And surely there could be no greater proof of a revolution consolidated than the early curtain time of 7:30, so annoying to the sophisticated, so convenient for the working suburbanites who must catch the 10:35 home.

But let this not deceive you: The stratification of English society, more vigorously restored than Britain's economy, could not be more apparent than in Britishers' reactions to their theater.

In London I was urged to see four plays: *Tiger at the Gates, Separate Tables, The Reluctant Débutante,* and *Waiting for Godot.* The same people did not, however, recommend all four. My British friends were sharply divided on what seemed to me a pure class basis, clear as a child's painting. And since one of these plays, *Tiger at the Gates,* has already opened on Broadway and two more may follow it, it seems pertinent to give one American's reaction to them and to speculate whether any similar stratification of tastes exists here.

Troy and Bournemouth

My upper-middle-class professional friends insisted on *Tiger at the Gates,* which my Mayfair acquaintances viewed as "a bit of heavy going" and avant-garde brains found "tricky," or "slick," suggesting that Christopher Fry's charm had compromised Jean Giraudoux' intentions.

I myself found Fry's updating of this prewar French play interesting to the point of importance. *Tiger* concerns the Trojan War and Hector's agonizing struggle for peace. Giraudoux-Fry and actor Michael Redgrave have created a Hector of immense power and excitement, a new kind of hero who throws his weight and wisdom against war. Giraudoux-Fry and a most beguiling blonde named Diane Cilento have produced a bland, sly, cold little tart of a Helen, a sort of perfume-counter salesgirl touched with cosmic insight.

Young Paris (in London the least-clad lover ever seen) is wholly believable as a witless and frivolous sensualist. And Leueen MacGrath's Cassandra—sharp, brittle, sarcastic—might be a refugee from *The Women.* Fry has done brilliantly with Giraudoux' passionate message of peace, and there are moments of high tension and poetic sweep, liberally interspersed with wit.

It is hard to say why it is not a great play, for it is certainly a valuable and arresting one. But it is easy

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to imagine that without Redgrave's magnificent Hector, *Tiger at the Gates* might have a hard time coming alive—and staying alive. As it is, it will have to depend here largely on the combined reception of our upper-middle-class professionals and a sprinkling of the avant-garde. I doubt if our expense-account class will sustain it long.

ON *Separate Tables* there was a faint show of unanimity among the recommenders, although Mayfair tended to find it grim, meaning uncomfortable, and the intellectuals apologized for Terence Rattigan's popular skills and lack of "content." I found it my most satisfying, if not important, evening in the theater in years.

The "separate tables" in Rattigan's double bill are in the dining room of a Bournemouth hotel. Each playlet concerns a type of love: in the first, the stormy and ruinous love between a beautiful, selfish woman and the political leader she has destroyed; in the second the painful but solacing love between a pathetic elderly poseur and a wretchedly neurotic young girl. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton play both couples with breathtaking skill and virtuosity, supported by a flawless cast.

What makes these plays so engrossing is Rattigan's complete command over his characters. They are wholly believable; they communicate not only with each other but with the audience. You care for Rattigan's lovers; it matters greatly from moment to moment what happens to them. This is, of course, the secret of good theater, and Rattigan has it in almost indecent measure.

A Debutante and Two Tramps

Frequenters of Berkeley's Buttery and Belgravia were loud in praise of *The Reluctant Débutante,* which the middle-class professionals tolerated as well-acted nonsense and the avant-garde dismissed as revolting trivia. I found it a funny play, made funnier by the delicious dryness of Wilfrid Hyde White as the father and the loping charm of young Anna Massey, daughter of Raymond Massey and Adrianne Allen, in the title role. Yet how *The Reluctant Débutante* can ever make the transatlantic passage is a mystery. For it concerns the particular social hazards of the London season, and is so geared to Tatlerian society and the private jokes of Debrett that many Americans might be mystified to the point of irritation.

The four compatriots who sat in front of me in London remained mutely solemn while gales of British laughter eddied about them, and I could only conclude that they didn't understand a word of the language.

While the playwright appears to be taking considerable liberties with British upper-class attitudes and rituals, the play ends in a manner that can afford only satisfaction to his presumed victims: The girl marries a duke.

TWO TALENTED and emotional representatives of the creative life pressed me to see *Waiting for Godot,* assuring me that this was the one bright spot in the intellectual desert of England. It is the work of Samuel Beckett, who used to be secretary to James Joyce and who prefers to write in French. The play was produced first in Paris, then translated and produced at the experimental Arts Theatre in London, where it was greeted with such transports that it finally made the West End this summer. "*Godot* is a wonderfully, wonderfully successful, tremendously funny, deeply sad, and exquisite piece of theatrical contrivance and lovingly, yes lovingly, done," caroled Jack Lambert, a BBC critic. "I shan't be surprised if the play does produce a minor theatrical revolution," added another, Paul Dehn.

I saw it at a matinee with the house half empty, and I doubt whether I have seen a worse play. I mention it only as typical of the self-delusion of which certain intellectuals are capable. embracing obscurity, pretense, ugliness, and negation as protective coloring for their own confusions.

The play concerns two tramps who inform each other and the audience at the outset that they smell. It takes place in what appears to be the town dump, with a blasted tree rising out of a welter of rusting junk, including plumbing parts. They talk gibberish to each other and to two "symbolic" maniacs for several hours, their dialogue punctuated every few minutes by such remarks as "What are we waiting for?", "Nothing is happening," and "Let us hang ourselves." The last was a good suggestion, unhappily discarded.

No, I don't think stratification has set in among Broadway playgoers. After all, everybody recommends a hit. Everybody, that is, except that very special group, so proudly divorced from all others, that would wait for *Godot* here too, dump and all.

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Mr. Gunther Assimilates Another Continent

HAROLD R. ISAACS

INSIDE AFRICA, by John Gunther. *Harper. $6.*

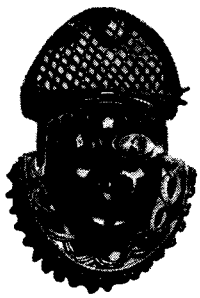
There has been a certain awakening in this country in the last few years to the enormousness of the fact of Africa. Mau Mau, the Reverend Michael Scott, Malan, apartheid, bloodshed in Morocco and Tunisia, strikes in Rhodesia, riots in Egypt have all with increasing frequency commanded headlines big enough to catch even the most uninterested eye. Books about Africa and even books by Africans have been appearing in greater numbers every publishing season. Two leading Democrats, Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles, have taken a look for themselves—more than can be said, so far, for any of our policymakers now in power.

In any case, there is less and less reason for Americans to go on thinking that Africa is the dark country where Stanley met Livingstone and Tarzan swung in the trees, a continent of jungles infested with lions, elephants, apes, virile hunters who look like Clark Gable, attractively sexy women who look like Ava Gardner, and attractively virtuous women who look like Grace Kelly or Deborah Kerr. There is more and more reason for more Americans to know that Africa is a continent inhabited by some two hundred million people of many different kinds caught in an agony of change, disruption, and violence, and that their story for a long time to come will influence the reshaping of the world.

Now the enormous problem of Africa has been unfolded for us in an enormous book by John Gunther—a staggering 952-page compendium in which he has tried, he says, to cram "All that the ordinary reader needs to know about Africa . . ." I do not know whether the ordinary reader is ready to learn all that Gunther thinks he needs to know, but *Inside Africa* is the October Book-of-the-Month Club selection and so it will find its way into thousands of homes of people who probably have hardly ever given a vagrant second thought to Africa's existence. There is a real danger that because of its frightening bulk alone, this will be the most widely unread book of the year. That would be a pity, for it performs a service this country badly needs.

How Much Is a Camel?

Gunther is not always the most penetrating of our globe-trotting reporters, but he is certainly the most indefatigable. To take his public inside Africa, he traveled to almost every country on the continent, took notes of exactly 1,503 conversations with all sorts of people, consulted a vast bibliography, and boiled down guidebooks, geographies, and histories. He has tried to summarize the geology, anthropology, sociology, languages, and even the zoology, botany, and paleontology of the whole immense African world. The reader will find outlines of the politics and the major problems of all Africa and will also learn such things as the price of a baggage camel in the Sahara ($57), the secrets of how the Pharaohs were embalmed, the differences between Zulu pronunciation and Swahili, the rudiments of Arabic and Afrikaans, the history of Zanzibar, and the striking fact that only two Englishmen in Kenya speak Kikuyu with any skill. This is a book for the serious citizen, the would-be tourist, and the just plain curious. It is one of the most astonishing agglomerations of bits and pieces of a huge subject ever put together by the energy of one man.



It has often been the style in some quarters to cry Gunther down. He can be called the master of the technique of the once-over-lightly. He provides coverage of space rather than penetration. He sometimes substitutes bulk for quality and detail for depth. He tries to cover so much so sketchily that he covers very little adequately or well. He often does not add spectacularly to the knowledge of the careful newspaper or magazine reader. His judgments can be as hasty as his movements. (During this African trip, he reports, he slept in sixteen different places in twenty-five days, but he asserts that he gleaned something worth reporting from each place.)

IN SO FAR as they are valid, these criticisms may apply where Gunther has traveled well-traveled ground. But *Inside Africa* is something else again. Gunther has had the enterprise, intelligence, and energy to tackle a subject about which few know very much and which many need to know about. No doubt there are errors, even mountainous errors for all I know. But there are also mountains of information in this mountain of a book. Not even the experts on Africa are likely to deny that anybody can open his pages almost anywhere and learn something about Africa he never knew before. Gunther, moreover, is a decent, fair-minded, and honest reporter and has clearly made a heroic effort to avoid egregious mistakes. His failures are more than canceled out by his vast contributions.

Meet el Glaoui

This reviewer has so far found time to follow Gunther at least through Morocco, Egypt, Ethiopia, Kenya, the Union of South Africa, and a few of the points between and beyond—enough pages to fill at least two ordinary books. In each land Gunther has a "word" to say about the historical context, the physical surroundings, the key problems and conflicts. He talks to a variety of people in conversations that are rarely dull, and provides Sunday-supplement-type sketches of the most important leaders. You go to din-

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ner with Pasha el Glaoui of Marrakech, meet King Idris of Libya, Colonel Nasser in Cairo, Haile Selassie in Addis Ababa, Prime Minister Strijdom in Johannesburg.

Gunther does not always write the most memorable prose, but his material is graphic and often ironic. At the height of the Mau Mau "emergency," for example, he went to call on Kenya's aristocratic governor, Sir Evelyn Baring: "People emerged down corridors as if they had stepped out of antique frames. They were fastidious, generous, with beautiful manners and refinement—healthy people too—but they made Government House in Kenya resemble a stately island lost in time, drowned in forces nobody could comprehend."

At least two features of Gunther's reporting lend it considerable distinction. He makes a special effort everywhere to catch the tone and quality of relationships and attitudes of Europeans toward the Africans among whom they live, whom they dominate, and whom most of them fear. You learn a great deal about France's problem in North Africa from his notes on the way Frenchmen use the terms *salerace* ("dirty race") and *salesarabes* ("dirty Arabs") blended into single words of their common speech, or about Kenya from the way the settlers speak of the "Kukes" (Kikuyus) and "Wogs" (Indians), or about South Africa from the contemptuous use of "Kaffir" by its white men. Everywhere Gunther measures the height of the color bar rather precisely and explores bluntly but sensitively its effects on white and nonwhite.

Safer Than Central Park

The second and even more distinctive feature of Gunther's reporting is his thoughtful effort, almost always, to present his material in balanced perspective. Samples:

¶ "An African Negro, to be able to enter the western world at all, has had to bridge an inordinately wide, difficult, and painful gap in his own community . . . [and] intense bigotry and intolerance from colonial Europeans. Schizophrenia? It is never easy to be a man of two worlds. It is hard enough to be a man of one."

¶ "Most Africans (like most good

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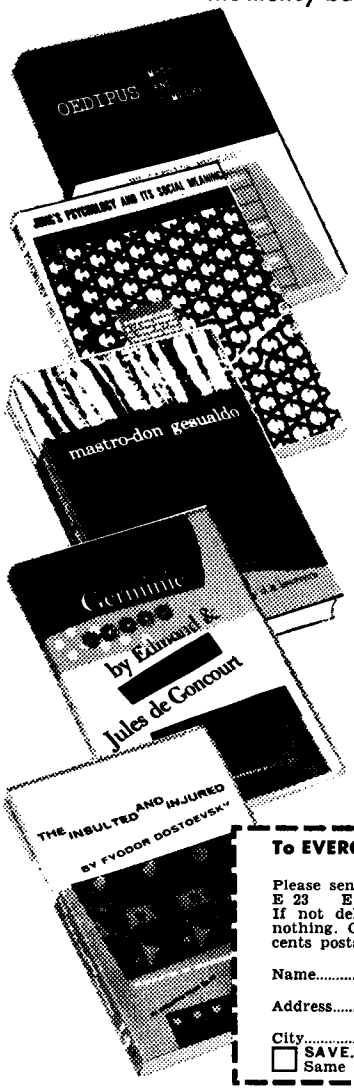

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Christians) do not think that the dead are really dead, and worship their ancestors."

¶ "The deepest thickets in the bush are safer, by and large, for a law-abiding traveler than Central Park at night."

¶ "[The Bantus] are a mystery only to white people who make no effort to understand them."

¶ "There are certainly millions of stupid Africans, just as there are millions of stupid Russians, Americans or what you will . . . The brain has no color."

¶ On women's work: "As a matter of fact this division of labor does not differ very much from that in the Bronx or Wimbledon . . ."

¶ On witchcraft: "In a way witchcraft is the African's substitute for our conception of the Almighty. In western religions, the concept of God is the link between the human being and the mysterious forces of the universe; similarly, Africans believe in spirits. . . . We in the United States or Great Britain should think twice before we dismiss the primitive beliefs of Africans as balderdash, or laugh at their occult customs."

GUNTHER's fundamental good sense and wisdom much more than make up for some of the sweeping statements, offhand judgments, and pious banalities that, like everything else, abound in this long book. His pinpointing of the most serious problems, of the ways they affect the world and our own country, of the need for more and bolder American thinking about Africa, makes this work of immense public educational value.

One can only hope that the "ordinary reader" will not be intimidated by the sheer quantity of information that Gunther has made available to him.

Not Even Good Pornography

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE DEER PARK, by Norman Mailer. *Putnam. $4.*

Norman Mailer's new novel makes one think of a vice-squad man who goes in to investigate and stays to participate. His title is derived from a notorious park of debauchery during the reign of Louis XV; in Mailer's opinion the Deer Park of our day is Hollywood. The author of *The Naked and the Dead* has been there, and, by Eros, he's going to expose everything. He's going to tell the truth no matter who is shocked.

But you can't shock without some kind of electricity—be it wit or outrageous new revelations or exuberant vulgarity. This book carries no charge at all. It doesn't even succeed in being vulgar; it's not even good pornography. One plods through the gumbo of these scenes, grateful for the few successful comic bits but perplexed at the sad decline of the author.

This is supposed to be a novel about S — E — X in every possible combination and permutation. We find ourselves yawning. For this is sex without love, without joy, without zest, without humor, without poetry. Certainly not D. H. Lawrence's apotheosis of a cosmic force, or Rabelais' belly laugh, or the wild scabrousness of Henry Miller. Mr. Mailer manages to make even sex dull.

Wound Up Like Rabbits

A little lower than the angels, sings the Psalmist. A little lower than the hogs, grunts Mr. Mailer. We have arrived at the spastic core of Nothingness. We take a group of Hollywoodians, set them in a desert resort that sounds like Palm Springs, and then wind up the rabbits and see what happens in the warren. After a while, who cares? Who can possibly remember who sleeps in whose bed? Besides, we've seen this cast and

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this movie too many times before—the vulgar and ignorant producer, the compromising director, the nymphomaniac star, the dreary call girls, the homosexual male leads—all under analysis, of course, and terribly biologically interinvolved. With heavy earnestness the author tells us the truth about these people—that is to say, he slips us a tip sheet on their galloping glands.

Mailer's previous novel, *Barbary Shore,* was a curious blend of Trotskyist-Marxist gab and frowsy sex. In this one, equally bad, the politics have receded and the mechanics and psychology of *l'amour* cover most of the ground. However, the politics have not disappeared altogether. In this instance we have a director, Eitel, who once made artistic films, fought in Spain, and talked back to a "subversive committee." But loss of his plushy job and months of blacklisting wear Eitel down. At the end of the book he makes a deal with the committee, gives up the serious script on which he was working during his proud isolation, and resumes his top position in the movie business. The fact that Eitel's political capitulation is accompanied by marriage to his mistress and making a mistress of his former (third) wife underscores a heavy parallel symbolism between two kinds of promiscuity.

The pity of it is that Norman Mailer started out as a tremendously talented young writer. *The Naked and the Dead* was powerful in its realism. There the vision was sharply focused, the writing both visually and sonorously accurate. There the Priapean fixations, the animalistic behavior, the dirty humor all rang true. You cannot be too vulgar about war, that ultimate vulgarity. But realism without aesthetic or ethical transformation eventually collapses. From the Island of Anopopei to the Desert D'Or, Mailer's talents have made a long retreat. Is this another case of a one-novel writer, unable to sustain himself at heights without the underfooting of an Event?

The Sum of Their Parts

In *The Deer Park* even the realism fails, for the sharp vision is gone, the characterization is vague, everything is blurred, the speech cadences

To a distant admirer

APART from our actual readers, there is a large body of "well-wishers" of the Manchester Guardian. They admire the paper. They applaud its integrity and its world-wide influence. They have long known it to be one of the best-written, most literate (and witty) journals published. But—they do not read it.

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are unplaced, abstract, stiff. At times the realism unconsciously topples over into surrealism, with its familiar fetishisms of sex and fragments.

Perhaps this is the literature of an age of automation. When Man has been pulled apart, what remains but segments? It is interesting to observe how preoccupied the inhabitants of the Deer Park are with parts of their anatomy and with their functioning. For Plato, and for Neoplatonic Christians and pagans of the Renaissance, Love was a cosmic ordering; a particular love was an instance of Love in general. But now, segmented, Man becomes only a carrying case for his parts. Mailer talks a great deal about the functioning of various organs. But "the diapason closing full in man" we do not hear at all.

Nor is it a justification—the justification that Mr. Mailer and his publishers will undoubtedly offer—to say, "This is how it really is." A work of art is not a reflection but a remaking of existence. A novelist has no right to borrow reality like a beggar taking handouts in the street. His streets are of the imagination; after several hours in that fragile city we should see things in life we never saw before. An artist must reveal, not refer to. But Norman Mailer's conception of revelation is a strip tease.

The Life Force Explained

Chronicling the doings in the Deer Park and serving as spokesman for the author is an Air Force pilot—improbably named Sergius O'Shaugnessy—who hankers to be a writer. (Curiously, both this narrator-writer and the narrator-writer of *Barbary Shore* suffer from the same trouble—impotence). At any rate, after 375 pages of bounding after the deer, Mr. O'Shaugnessy debates with God about the meaning of it all:

"'Would You agree that sex is where philosophy begins?'

"But God, who is the oldest of the philosophers, answers in His weary cryptic way, 'Rather think of Sex as Time, and Time as the connection of new circuits.'"

So now we know. Now the Deity is a Master Electrician, and when you're seized by sex, don't worry, you're just being hooked up.

The Dangers of 'Preventive Law'

ANTHONY LEWIS

NATIONAL SECURITY AND INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM, by John Lord O'Brian. *Harvard University Press. $2.*

In the abundant magazine and newspaper writing about what is wrong with the government's security programs, the assumption has often been made that they represent a radical departure from traditional American concepts of individual rights. But there has been little probing of this fundamental assumption, little said about how and how much our legal ideas have changed.

This probing was the task taken on by John Lord O'Brian last April in the Godkin Lectures at Harvard. The two brilliant lectures have now been published in a small book that says a great many important things.

No one is in a better position to take a long, philosophical look at the security programs than Mr. O'Brian. Now in his eighty-first year, he is a distinguished attorney, a former government official, a Republican, and above all a lifelong fighter for the American ideal of individual liberty.

His broad finding is that ". . . in reality we have been establishing something like a new system of preventive law applicable to the field of ideas and essentially different from traditional American procedures."

In the past, he writes, ". . . this nation had adhered firmly to the traditional Anglo-American method of combating activities of an antisocial character. Under that policy no direct attempt was made by law to prevent the wrongful act before it was committed other than by warning the citizenry generally of what the consequences would be. . . . The advantage of this age-long legal system lay in the relatively precise selection that was made centering on the wrong-doer, leaving the rest of the community free from direct governmental action. . . . "

"Once the totalitarian principle is accepted that the government must prevent the spread of ideas thought to be subversive, it is perhaps logical to have an anonymous official in the Post Office Department to prevent the delivery by mail of Soviet newspapers or books to American scholars. If anonymous military officials are given authority to decide who shall work in private industry in a defense plant, it is not farfetched for them to demand the right to scrutinize the subject matter of educational curriculums in colleges which are doing research work of a classified nature."

MR. O'BRIAN traces the decline in concern for individual freedom to Americans' growing desire for "security" in recent years—security against aggression abroad and infiltration at home, security also against economic distress. He makes no specific proposals for handling the loyalty-security problem. But his warning is eloquent:

"The social consequences of these contemporary evils are, of course, beyond computation. The doubt, the encouragement of curiosity, suspicion, and distrust which have necessarily resulted from the nation-wide inquiries made by the FBI agents and representatives of our Intelligence services, and from the atmosphere of secrecy which has crept into governmental affairs, have had far-reaching consequences. . . . One curious paradox growing out of this program of government activity is that instead of promoting a sense of security among the citizenry, it has had the opposite effect of spreading doubt, suspicion, and mistrust . . .

"Assuming, as we do, that some system is necessary to protect the security of the nation, is it necessary for the most powerful and the most civilized nation known to history to disregard, and perhaps discard, the principles of individual freedom which have been successfully maintained for nearly three hundred years?"

Few readers of these lectures are likely to answer Mr. O'Brian's question other than in the negative.

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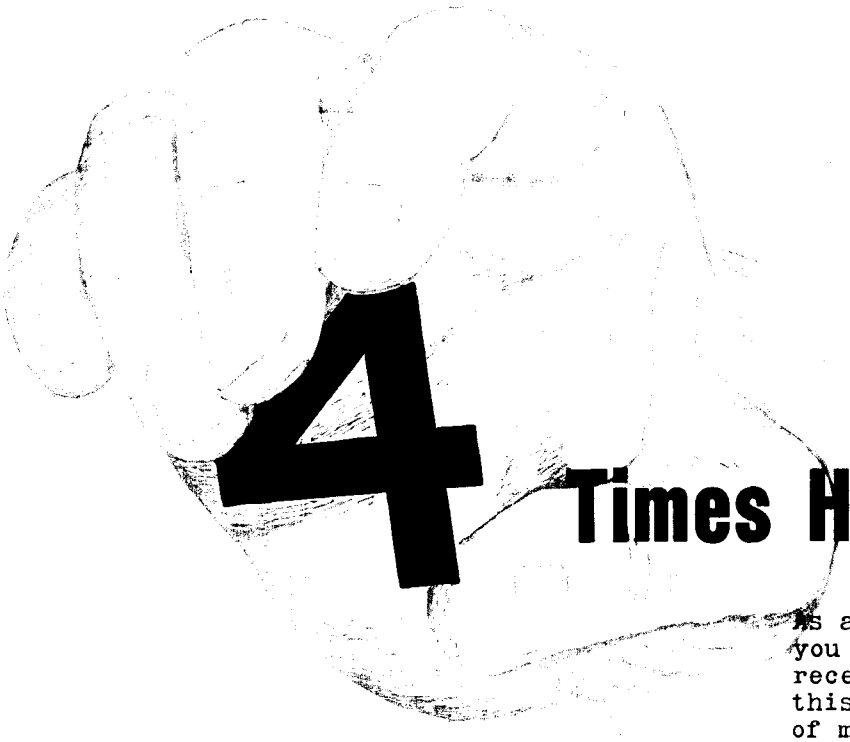

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